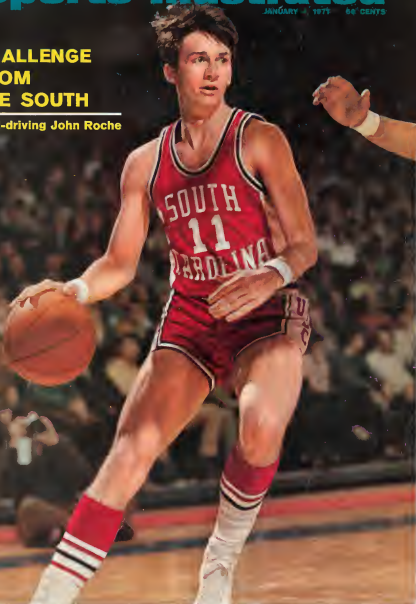


Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 4, 1977 66 CENTS

CHALLENGE FROM THE SOUTH

Hard-driving John Roche



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We do more than get you there.

LOOK FOR US IN THE YELLOW PAGES UNDER "MOVERS"



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Next Week

A WILD WEEK of football showdowns will settle who is No. 1 in the college bowl games and produce the Super Bowl contestants. SI's experts and the color camera report.

YUKIO MISHIMA, the famed Japanese author whose bizarre suicide a month ago shocked the world, explained in a newly translated article how fitness can shape a philosophy.

CHILDREN'S GAMES provided Peter Bruegel with the theme for a rollicking 16th-century masterpiece, and art historian Alexander Eliot with grist for a sporting critique.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Down the dusty main street of Livingston, Mont. (pop. 6,783) one high noon not so long ago—or so the story is told—marched gruffly the man whose byline appears on page 40 of this issue of SI. He was holding a gun squarely in the back of another of our occasional contributors: Jim Harrison, poet, author and thoroughly convincing Western bandit. Spotting a tourist, our first author thrust the gun into his hand with the harsh command: "Keep this man covered while I get the sheriff," and disappeared around the corner. At which point our second author took off in the opposite direction, leaving the poor dude with an unloaded gun, a reeling mind and no sheriff anywhere in sight.

The fact that two SI contributors were involved in any such moment of madcap has no editorial significance beyond the fact that the first of them is a man of unquenchable spirit. At 31, handsome Tom McGuane smiles frequently, as if he finds much amusement in the world he sees. And well he may. Sportsman, writer and man to be envied, McGuane spends half his year enjoying himself on a modest spread in Montana whose minimum upkeep allows him ample time to fish for trout, shoot at Hungarian partridge and explore the joys of the outdoors in the company of such artistic friends

McGUANE: SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT



as Harrison. Comes the cold weather, he moves to Florida to pursue bonefish, tarpon and permit from a house that is no more than a long cast from some of Hemingway's favorite haunts. (Indeed, Hemingway himself is one of McGuane's favorite haunts.)

Those who know—professional guides—rate McGuane as an excellent fisherman. But what excites us is that he writes as well as he fishes. "I always wanted to be a writer," he says. "And from Beebe, Hemingway, Turgenev and Thoreau I discovered that adventure and joblessness might be by-products of such a career."

The joblessness part was easy. After attending Michigan State, where he edited the literary magazine, and Yale, where he earned a Master of Fine Arts degree in playwriting and dramatic literature, McGuane spent happy hours writing, hunting and fishing in Ireland, Spain and Italy. The income that he derived was negligible. In 1966 he won a Wallace Stegner Fellowship at Stanford, which sustained him briefly, but soon he was broke again in Bolinas, Calif.

It was there that he wrote a novel called *The Sporting Club*, a sort of hunting-camp orgy with belly laughs that met with almost instant critical acclaim and has been made into a movie, which will soon be released. McGuane's next book—*The Bushwacked Piano*—is coming out in March and also has been bought by the movies. Meanwhile, McGuane continues to commute between Montana and Key West, occasionally offering us insightful pieces such as the one in this issue. He is also having a bonefish skiff built to his own specifications—McGuane's sole bow to sudden solvency.

"A life of writing, travel and sport is essentially a daydream I entertained before I was 10," says McGuane. "I have not had to give it up."

All we can do is urge him to keep on dreaming.

Click Muro

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

THE FORESTS' PRIME EVIL

It has never been a secret that snowmobiles are somewhat noisier than a snowfall but, despite quivering eardrums and shattered nerves, little has been done to alleviate the problem. One reason is the juvenile aspect of snowmobiling: noise gives a feeling of power, and silent snowmobiles would be as hard to sell as silent motorcycles. Yet you would think snowmobilers might have second thoughts about all that noise after hearing (if they still can) of a study conducted by Canada's National Research Council, which says that not only hearing but safety, too, is jeopardized by the noise of the machines. The NRC says a snowmobile rider cannot possibly hear an automobile horn 10 yards away and adds that permanent auditory damage may result from regular daily use of a snowmobile at full throttle.

The Research Council claims that noise levels could be cut in half in some snowmobiles if they were equipped with a muffler, a silencer on the carburetor air intake and an extended engine cowling. "It is our opinion," the study concludes, "that noise reduction could be achieved in a production model... without excessive penalty to mechanical performance or cost."

Snowmobile manufacturers have yet to flood the public with machines incorporating the Canadian group's suggestions, but this does not mean that everybody is ignoring the noise problem. No, sir. A company in Michigan is proudly pushing an electric horn it has manufactured for use on snowmobiles with 12-volt batteries. It is "the loudest electric horn available to the snowmobile industry," says a press release, with "approximately 137 decibels of sound at four inches." Hopefully, ears will be more than four inches from the horn, but in case you were wondering how loud 137 decibels is, 130 is supposed to be the threshold of painful and possibly damaging sound. A pneumatic drill 10 feet away registers in the 90s; the sound

level in a boiler factory is about 97.

Happy snowmobiling. We said, happy snowmobiling.

SPIN-OFF

The obvious signs of pollution are not always the only bad things that happen. A 5½-inch brook trout caught recently in Michigan had a distorted body—its backbone, belly and sides all crimped in like a balloon that has been twisted—because of a metal ring from a pop-top can that apparently had slipped over the fish's head when it was a tad and had restricted its midsection as it tried to grow to maturity. A sad and ugly thing to see.

HOW TO OMAHA

A few weeks ago (SCORECARD, Nov. 23) it was reported that Ben Kerner was trying to get Franklin Muehl's San Francisco Warriors to play half their home games in St. Louis. Now word from Nebraska says that people there are trying to get Muehl to make a 100% shift to Omaha. The Omaha group, which includes Mayor Eugene Leahy, has told Muehl it will guarantee an advance sale of 2,600 season tickets, or about \$500,000. This supposedly is more than the total grossed by three NBA teams last season. Rent for the 9,046-seat city auditorium would be about \$70,000 less than the Warriors are now paying to play in three different sites around the San Francisco Bay Area. There would also be obvious economies in travel costs. Mayor Leahy estimated that total savings for the Warriors could be \$300,000.

By coincidence, Muehl and his Warriors were in Omaha in December for an NBA game (they lost to Cincinnati 124-113). The crowd was a disappointing 2,765. However, the game was competing with Monday night pro football and the Ali-Bonaventura fight, and Omaha's attention was not so much on live basketball as it was on televised football and boxing. Local people insist that an Omaha team, or an area franchise that would

play home games in cities like Lincoln, Kansas City, Sioux City and Des Moines, would be certain to make money. Since a major factor in keeping Muehl from making the shift is the comedown in moving from his beloved, sophisticated San Francisco to home-folks Omaha, that is of the utmost importance. Sometimes money can overcome sentiment.

DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

During the non-snow off season, Hank Tauber, coach of the U.S. Women's Alpine ski team, put his charges on a strict two-week diet. Women Alpine skiers tend to be sturdy and sturdiness has a way of slipping into plumpness, but Tauber said the purpose of the diet was only to put his racers at their best individual weight so that they would be stronger, more agile and more alert and thus gain maximum benefits from dry-land conditioning. The diet, prescribed and supervised by Dr. Fred Schoonmaker, chief of cardiovascular surgery at St. Luke's Hospital in Denver, follows:

Women's Alpine Team Training Diet

Diet is for two weeks only. Abstain from everything not included and be sure



to eat all of what is assigned rather than do without. No eating between meals. No alcoholic beverages. All vegetables without butter. Salads without oil. Lean parts of meat. Eggs should be poached or boiled. Coffee black. Tea clear. Basis of diet is chemical, and normal energy is maintained while reducing. Quantities are not important except as indicated.

MONDAY Breakfast: Grapefruit, one

continued

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42145 WOODS ROCK—
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45784 MELANIE—
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Mercury LP, BTR, CASS



47504 GRASSROOTS
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Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



33445 BEST OF PAUL
SPRINGFIELD
A&M LP, BTR, CASS



33088 MCDONALD—
Piano Quartets
Vanguard LP



42711 STEPPENWOLF
—7
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



34474 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motown LP, BTR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC—John
Barrymore Meets Cui
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



30472 TEMPTATIONS—
Crested Hts. Vol. 2
Savoy LP, BTR, CASS



32096 SUSCHUNES
RECORDED QUARTET
Barney LP



33043 COUNTRY JOE
& FISH—CJ First
Vanguard LP, BTR, CASS



45779 MELANIE—Can-
oes in Rain
Mercury LP, BTR, CASS



44763 CURTIS MAY
FRESH Cuts
Columbia LP, BTR, CASS



34308 VIRGINI CARA—
Nathalie By Car
Liberty LP, BTR, CASS



31077 JOHN BACZ—
One Day At A Time
Vanguard LP, BTR, CASS



43045 KING CRIMSON
—In The Court
A&M LP, BTR, CASS



17253 GREGORIAN
CHART
Philips LP



44345 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Philips LP



28112 A MUSICAL
SLANCE
Philips LP, BTR, CASS



35046 5TH DIMENSION
—Crested Hts.
Savoy LP, BTR, CASS



42121 3 CENTURIES
OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pines LP, BTR, CASS



16759 SCHIMMEL
—1917 Overton
Merco LP, BTR, CASS



13117 CARLOS PLAYS
RECHOVEN SOMATOS
Philips LP



43015 LED ZEPPELIN
—In Atlantic
A&M LP, BTR, CASS



30662 FOUR TOPS—
You'll Never Run Away
Mercury LP, BTR, CASS



44155 ROBBY COLCOL
—Lovers' Love
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



34344 CAMEL NEAR
Future Blues
Liberty LP, BTR, CASS



44265 ROBERTA
FLACK—Dagmar Two
Ritam LP, BTR, CASS



28267 SUGARBLOOM
Liberty LP, BTR, CASS



37719 NOLAN—The
Planets
Mercury LP



44713 MIDNIGHT COM
BOY—Naturally
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



47510 THREE BOB
NIGHT—Naturally
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



35077 5TH DIMENSION
—Age of Aquarius
Savoy LP, BTR, CASS



44378 PAUL MARLEY
—Come to Love
Philips LP, BTR, CASS



45775 VERA BALT
—Transition
Kamde LP, BTR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOONS
ORION—English
Mercury LP, BTR, CASS



30418 DIANA ROSS
MOM LP, BTR, CASS



44713 MIDNIGHT COM
BOY—Naturally
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



17084 MENDHAM
(7 records set)
Philips LP



37787 MAMMA &
PAPPAS—12 Greatest
Hits
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



31875 JOHN COLTRANE
—Transition
Impulse LP



44471 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
Merco LP, BTR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Love Is
A Soft Touch
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTERFLY
—Metamorphosis
A&M LP, BTR, CASS



42703 CROSBY
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Suey No
A&M LP, BTR, CASS



38250 ONE & TINA
TUBNER—Come
Together
Liberty LP, BTR, CASS



44726 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Play
Mousetrap Comedy
Dunhill LP, BTR, CASS



42860 ERNEST CARMER
—Feeling Is
Believing
Merco LP, BTR, CASS



44764 BEVERLY
SILLS—Sings Mozart
& 50 jazz
ARC LP, BTR, CASS

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or two eggs, tea or coffee. **Lunch:** Two eggs, tomatoes, tea or coffee. **Dinner:** Two eggs, combination salad, one piece dry toast, grapefruit, tea or coffee.

TUESDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Two eggs, grapefruit, tea or coffee. **Dinner:** Steak, olives, celery, cucumber, tomatoes, lettuce, tea or coffee.

WEDNESDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Two eggs, spinach, tea or coffee. **Dinner:** Two lamb chops, celery, cucumber, tomatoes, tea or coffee.

THURSDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Same as Wednesday. **Dinner:** Two eggs, cottage cheese, cabbage, one piece dry toast, tea or coffee.

FRIDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Same as Thursday. **Dinner:** Steak, celery, cucumber, tomatoes, tea or coffee.

SATURDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Fruit salad (put anything in it and eat as much as you want), tea or coffee. **Dinner:** Same as Friday.

SUNDAY Breakfast: Same. **Lunch:** Cold chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit. **Dinner:** Chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit, carrots, cabbage, tea or coffee.

Repeat for a second week. Weight should drop about 20 pounds.

COLOR

When the National Hockey League abandoned sober black skates in favor of more garish hues (SCORECARD, Oct. 5), it shattered tradition. Now such radical departures have taken another bastion: major league baseball, or at least the version of major league baseball played in Philadelphia. Granted, Charlie Finley's Athletics have been wearing eye-popping gold-and-green uniforms and white shoes for years now, but Charlie makes so much noise his uniforms are hardly noticed. On the other hand, almost anything stands out in Philadelphia, which is why this particular innovation is so important.

It began last spring when someone on the Phillies decided that conventional baseball shoes were stiff and tended to inhibit running. He asked a West German shoe manufacturer for help. Sensing a vast new market, the elves in the Black Forest turned out a baseball shoe that was not only lighter and more flexible, but utilized soccer-type cleats for use on artificial surfaces. And while they were at it, the elves made up a pair in a gleaming Burgundy red. That caught the eye of Bill Giles, the promotion-minded vice-president of the Phils, who de-

cided that red shoes would be just the thing to top off (all right, bottom off) the Phillies' red-accented uniform.

Not to be outdone, the Baltimore Orioles made their move. The Orioles, who, despite being world champions, are somewhat overlooked in their home city (instead of attending ball games, folks there tend to go off to watch oysters being shucked or crabs caked), have just about decided to wear orange shoes next season. Orange, one quickly realizes, is more or less the dominant hue in the plumage of the avian, or real-life, Orioles. Who'll be next? The Yankees? Maybe in red, white and blue pinstripes?

ITS OWN REWARD

It's been a hard year on coaches—at least 25 major college football coaches have retired, resigned or been fired—but in one small corner of athletic endeavor coaching has proved a blissful experience. Here, verbatim, is a letter from a small soccer player to his coach:

"Dear Mr. Buck:

"You have been very nice to the team. And we lost the first game to the Roadrunners 7-0 and we lost the second game to the Dusters 2-1 and then we won the third game 1-0 and we lost to the Jaguars 7-2 and then we tied the Roadrunners 1-1 and then we tied the Alligators 0-0 and we lost to the Jaguars 3-1 and then we won to the Alligators 2-1 and we won to the Beavers 1-0 and you have made us come a long way. And I thank you. Sincerely yours, Doug Bartolf."

OLD BLOOD AND GUTS

And then there are other coaches. In Toronto a man walking along the side of a hockey arena toward its entrance heard a coachy harangue coming from a window over his head. It was obviously a pregame pep talk. "If there is any blood on any sweaters," the coach cried, "it's going to be on their sweaters, not on ours. I want you guys to cream those bums when they try to come down the boards. Really pile them into the boards and teach them a lesson. I want you to go out there and kick the — out of them. I want you guys to hit these bums so hard they'll be scared to come back in the rink."

Appalled but fascinated, the listener checked the location of the window, went inside, found the door to the dressing

room and waited to watch the angry warriors pour forth to do battle. When the door opened out came a team of Pee-wees—boys 11 and 12 years old,

RISK

The American Medical Association has released details of a study on injuries in college football. The study, which covered 3,019 varsity players at 44 universities in every major conference, found that 46% of all players were injured during the season, half of them severely enough to be hospitalized or out of uniform for the next game. Some other findings:

Knee injuries were the most common; ankle injuries were second.

More serious injuries were incurred in preseason practice than in regular-season games.

The first and fourth quarters were much the safest; 67% of all injuries occurred in the second and third quarters.

Highest-risk positions on offense were fullback and tailback. Safest on offense were tackle and tight end.

Highest-risk position on defense was linebacker. Safest were halfbacks and safeties.

A player making a tackle or a block was more apt to be injured than the person being tackled or blocked.

THEY SAID IT

• Mercury Morris of the Miami Dolphins: "In practice I try to play it like a game. Other guys run 10 to 15 yards. I score every time. I run away from guys that aren't there, but they're going to be there in a game."

• Julius Boros, who will become resident pro at the new country club, Aventura, near Gulfstream Park in Florida, suggesting a casual attitude toward the game: "What if your shot isn't perfect? You're out there for some fresh air, a good time and some exercise. No game is worth the agony some golfers go through. When you lose your temper after missing a shot the chances are you will miss the next shot, too."

• Rolfand Todd, coach of the Portland Trailblazers, on UCLA's Sidney Wicks: "I don't recall a forward coming into the NBA in the last 20 years who had the ability of Sidney Wicks. Wicks would fill about three vacancies on our club. He has been playing against NBA players on the Los Angeles playgrounds since he was about 13."

END

Pete Curry is one of the nicest guys in the neighborhood. But not for us.

Pete is restoring his Victorian house, helps his wife raise four rambunctious kids, drives a 1938 Rolls and has lots of insurance.

But he's the kind of guy who costs you money and us profits.

Last year Pete rewired part of the house himself. His kids angle baseballs through other people's windows. He burns his leaves too close to the garage. Get near his Rolls and you wind up with an injured fender. We consistently

pay him more in claims than he pays us in premiums.

People like Pete are a big reason why your insurance rates have gone up and our profits down. So big that lately we've done a few things to improve the picture.

Like parting company with agents who keep bringing us Pete's kind of business.

And putting new emphasis on our Merit Rating Plan, which gives policyholders with good rec-

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RUSHING TO STAKE A CLAIM

Of the four teams that survived the scramble for Super Bowl gold, the fifteeth, fittingly, looks like the San Francisco 49ers

by **TEX MAULE**

The winning people who work in the pit won the pro football playoffs. You can forget about John Brodie and John Unitas. Men named Randall Beasley and Forrest Blue were the heroes of the NFL quarterfinals. They cleared the way for the running backs, they protected the throwers and the victory was theirs.

The four games, for those who like their football flashy, were undistinguished. Dallas edged Detroit 5-0. Baltimore embarrassed Cincinnati 17-0. Oakland slipped past Miami in the muck 21-14. And, in the weekend's biggest surprise, San Francisco overcame Minnesota 17-14 in frigid Bloomington. The temperature was 9° above, the wind was blowing and you could get snow-blind crossing the stadium parking lot, but this didn't faze the red-hot 49ers. They won because they have the best offensive line in football. But then all of the games were won in the yard-wide strip that constitutes the neutral zone.

To take them chronologically, the Colts won the first game because the old, savvy Baltimore defense predicted every call that Paul Brown was sending in to young Virgil Carter, the Bengal quarterback. It read the Cincinnati offense perfectly, cutting off the passes that Brown ordered Carter to throw and shutting off the runs that Brown ordered Carter to call. On the other hand, Johnny Unitas picked apart the Bengal defense all by his resourceful self, throwing a 45-yard touchdown pass to Roy Jefferson and a 33-yarder to Eddie Hinton.

"This is the most imaginative team I've played on," says Bill Curry, the Baltimore center. "For the first time it's ex-

citing to come to practice on Wednesday. That's when we get our game plan. There is always something new, a tricky play or just a new play that [Coach Don] McCafferty is trying. He's thinking, creating and that's stimulating. Heck, you usually don't beat anyone with trick plays, but even if they fail they serve a purpose. It makes you less predictable."

The Colts did not use that much tricky stuff against Cincinnati, and often when they did they were hurt. They ran reverses to Jefferson and Hinton, plays that had been productive during the season, and the Bengals shut them off for losses. "They were looking for the reverse," Curry said ruefully. "A brain like Paul Brown's will knock it out."

But Baltimore came up with a few twists that worked, even though Brown had seen most of them in game films. They used a full-house backfield, a formation in which three running backs line up in a row behind the quarterback, parallel to the line of scrimmage—in obsolete terminology, the T. The Colts employed it against the Jets two weeks ago, and Brown thought they had done so just to make him waste time practicing a defense for it. But the Colts used the same set against the Bengals, putting Jefferson, their flanker, at what used to be called halfback. This let them utilize his speed to the outside and it freed him from the bump-and-run. On pass plays, Jefferson went into motion and, since it's impossible to play bump-and-run on a man in motion, that negated part of Cincinnati's pass coverage.

Jefferson carried the ball twice from the full house for 12 yards, but the Colts' big rusher was Norm Bulaich, a rookie

fullback from TCU. Before the game, Bulaich wasn't exactly a household word. Not even in Baltimore. Some called him Bulaich, others Bullick. No one knew if he was Polish or Hungarian. Norm Bulaich (it rhymes with goulash) is of Yugoslavian descent, and one way he got so tough was by working as a pipe fitter in the Texas oil fields. "I don't like heights," he says. "I surely don't, and that's what the job required. One time I froze with fear while on the job and they had to send somebody up to take me down." After that, Bulaich went below sea level to work—in the holds of ships. "I was a longshoreman, unloading rice and barrels," he says. "It's hot work, 200° is what it feels like, but the pay is \$4 an hour, \$6 if you work nights. I'll be back in the spring unless something better comes along."

It's apt to. The Colts may just make it their business to see that it does, although Bulaich doesn't see why they would. He was shocked to find a game ball in his locker last weekend. "Nobody ever said a thing," he said. "They just put it in my locker. Me, I'm no hero, just a rookie who still makes too many mistakes. I'm just another guy who carries the ball through the holes, and for a long time I wasn't doing that well."

One of Bulaich's problems was that after a few early-season fumbles he began carrying it with two hands, which meant he lost balance and speed, if not the ball. "Johnny Unitas finally told me to stop thinking about fumbling and just run," he says. "He told me if he worried about interceptions, they would have run him out of the league years ago." Bulaich gained 116 yards in 25 carries against Cincinnati, and he did it with one hand and the help of some first-rate trap blocking by the offensive line.

In the second game of pro football's big weekend, the Cowboys played the Lions in the Cotton Bowl. If ever a game should have been high scoring, this was the one. The Cowboys have good run-

continued

Early in the game, all Ken Willard did was fumble, fumble, fumble out, to the Vikings' dismay, he began to rumble, rumble, rumble.





Run by Mike Taylor (left) on Dallas 19 marked Detroit's biggest upset victory in first half. Greg Landry is dropped on 3rd down by Jethro Pugh (75). Sam Winderham (left) after win.



Mer Renfro's interception of a tipped pass on the Cowboy 11 with 2:45 left assured win.



North Bulerich, who gained 116 yards in his final game as a pro, charges through hole in Bengal line after taking handoff from John Uviers (18).

STARING A CLAIM *continued*

ring backs in Duane Thomas, Walt Garrison and Calvin Hill and speedy receivers in Bob Hayes and Reggie Rucker. Detroit has the best running quarterback in the world in Greg Landry, excellent setbacks in Mel Farr and Al-tie Taylor and two wide receivers—Earl McCulloch and Larry Walton—who can match the Dallas pair. Moreover, the Lions' tight end, Charlie Sanders, is regarded by many as the best around.

So what happened? Neither team scored a touchdown. The Dallas defensive line put so much pressure on Landry that he was able to complete only five of 12 passes for a skimpy 48 yards. Farr was a negligible factor as a runner and the game turned, finally, on a well-executed 15-play Cowboy drive in the fourth period.

Craig Morton, the Dallas quarterback, had demonstrated early on that he couldn't throw accurately. "I was making two mistakes," he said after the game. "I was throwing too late and too quick. I should have been throwing when my

receivers were making their breaks, but I waited until after the break and then I threw the ball too fast and off balance. If I had been throwing well, I think we might have won easily."

The Cowboys showed their stuff in the last period, long after it became clear that Morton could not hit his receivers. In the third quarter he seemed to be throwing to taxi-squad people on the sideline. When he came in to run the ball club in the early minutes of the final period, he didn't throw at all.

At that point the Cowboys had the ball on their own 23-yard line and were leading 3-0 by virtue of a 26-yard field goal by Mike Clark. Since Morton had been ineffective as a passer—he wound up completing four of 18 for 38 yards—all of the 73,167 people in the Cotton Bowl knew he wouldn't be putting the ball in the air. The Lion defense knew it, too. It lined up to stop the run and Morton ran the ball right at them. "We changed our blocking patterns a bit in the second half," Morton said. "We

found out we could handle them and we blocked straight ahead."

On the Cowboys' long drive, Morton used an elementary pattern of plays. His guards were pulling and blocking very well and he ran Thomas three times in a row. The rookie from West Texas State, who gained 135 yards in 30 carries, went through the left side for five yards, over right guard for six, wide to the left for 13. Then Morton faked a quick toss and sent Garrison over right guard on a trap for six. He made the same fake on the next play, Garrison gaining three.

Morton repeated this pattern over and over until the Cowboys had run the ball down to the Detroit one, fourth and goal. With a 3-0 lead and less than a quarter to go, many coaches would have taken the field goal. "The fans were hollering 'Go for it,'" Dallas Coach Tom Landry said, "but I don't pay any attention to the fans. I listen to my ball-players and all of them wanted to go for it. So we tried. We didn't make it, but that was because Duane Thomas is

continued



a rookie. He cut in a hole too soon."

Thomas swung to his right on the fourth-down play and cut in over guard, where there wasn't any hole. The hole was two steps further out. If Thomas had kept moving to the outside, the Cowboys probably would have had a touchdown. As it was they still got two points, for three plays later Greg Landry was trapped for a safety, giving Dallas the 5-0 lead it kept.

"This was the biggest win we've ever had," Tom Landry said. "I think our problem with winning the big games is behind us now."

Another team with a similar problem was the 49ers. If any ball club ever faced total adversity in a big game, it was San Francisco playing Minnesota in Minnesota. The Vikings were supposed to be a team that didn't feel the cold. They may not have, but they played like they did, dropping a number of passes and losing two fumbles.

The Minnesota ball club is built on the idea that the defensive line will destroy any quarterback it meets; the 49ers are built on the idea that their offensive line can protect John Brodie, their quarterback. Their idea was best.

San Francisco came to town a bit wary of the playing conditions. Said Brodie: "There were hard patches—ice, I think they call it—around midfield along the sideline and inside the 10-yard line at both ends. I guess, secretly, we were a little scared of it, but we found out that it didn't bite."

The key to this game was the 49ers' offensive line. If it could protect Brodie from the Purple People Eaters as well as it has protected him from everyone else—an NFL record of only eight sacks in 14 games—San Francisco could win. And the line did protect him. Minnesota got to Brodie only once, on a blown assignment, Alan Page dumping him for an eight-yard loss.

Brodie called a good game. He sent Ken Willard rumbling into the middle and Bill Tucker around the flank when the Vikings closed the middle, and, for the first time this year, he snuck in from a yard out for the 49ers' second touchdown. Said Brodie: "All our running backs were hurting, so I had to do it myself."

Yahoo!" He threw very well, too—16 of 32 for 193 yards—but he has been doing that all year. Minnesota, wisely, double-covered the 49ers' Gene Washington, so Brodie passed to Dick Witcher for a wide-open touchdown against a defense that had missed a call.

Brodie is a quiet, thoughtful, sardonic man. After the game he said, "You have to piece it all together. We were shaky at first but we got a grip on the pieces."

One of the better quarterbacks at reading defenses, Brodie read the Vikings well. "I used the usual running game," he said, "but I threw more to Witcher and Ted Kwalick than I have in the past, because of the double coverage on Washington."

It was an impressive 49er victory, more impressive than the Dallas win over Detroit. Brodie ran his club with extraordinary confidence. The team responded with confidence in itself, and thus is the only thing that San Francisco has lacked.

It is possible that the 49ers will meet their cross-bay rivals in the Super Bowl, since the Raiders defeated the Dolphins in Oakland 21-14.

The Raiders weren't very impressive, but then they haven't been impressive all season long: George Blanda, the 43-year-old hero of the Silent Majority, would not have had so many opportunities to work miracles if Oakland had been winning big.

The Raiders beat a Miami team that was emotionally geared up and beat the Dolphins rather routinely. After falling behind 7-0 on a Bob Griese-to-Paul Warfield pass, Lamonica threw to Fred Biletnikoff for one touchdown and to Rod Sherman for another, and Willie Brown returned an interception 50 yards for the third score. Marv Hubbard, the bowling-ball-type fullback who had a lot to do with making the Oakland running attack go, said it for the whole club. "There were eight teams and now there are four. The lower the number gets, the more emotional we get. This is an emotional team on the field. It's not an emotional team off the field. There's no rah, rah; no back slapping. You get that rah, rah on a younger team, like the Dolphins. Don Shula said they were sky high. And they probably were, but it doesn't matter how high you get before a game or how high you are after a game. When it gets to be one o'clock, that's when it counts and that's when we get emotional."

Dakland plays the Colts in Baltimore for the American Football Conference championship this Sunday and the Raiders will have to be up for that one. But looking at the game unemotionally, it seems reasonable that Baltimore will win. Lamonica is a good quarterback, but not a great one. Unitas is. The Baltimore defense is a sound, unemotional unit that does not gamble and does not give up long touchdown passes. Lamonica is fond of throwing bombs and Baltimore sets up to take away the deep pass, so it is likely that in this matchup Lamonica will be intercepted.

Unitas, on the other hand, is a patient man who takes what is offered. Dakland offers many opportunities, often playing bump-and-run. But bump-and-run with Hinton and Jefferson can turn into bump-and-bingo. So Baltimore should move into the Super Bowl, this time on the side of the AFC. And it will probably be playing San Francisco.

While the 49ers were in training camp last summer, their general manager, Lou Spada, said, "I don't think we can make it this year. I think we're about a year away, but I think we have the best potential of any 49er team."

Well, the 49ers grew up fast. Their win over the Vikings proved that. An immature team, a team with too many rookies, would have quit when the Vikings got a quick lead on Paul Krause's 22-yard touchdown run on a fumble recovery, but the 49ers stayed with their game plan and moved against the best defense in the NFL. "When you get down to the end, you need to play mistake-free football," said Dick Nolan, the San Francisco coach. "We didn't do it. We made a few mistakes early, but then we settled down. We did it with what we had in the repertoire."

The 49ers should beat the Cowboys in San Francisco the same way they beat the Vikings. Once Minnesota's pass rush is cut off, the Vikings are vulnerable to the pass. Once the Cowboy pass rush is cut off, the Cowboys are vulnerable to the pass. The 49ers starved the Purple People Eaters; they should be able to defuse Dallas' Doomsday Defense. And in two games against Los Angeles the 49ers kept Brodie pretty upright; they should be able to do the same in one game against Dallas and in one more—the Super Bowl. But not without the help of men named Randall Beisler and Forrest Blue. **END**

Despite bad footing, Oakland's Charlie Smith (above) shattered for gains, but when Miami tried it often wound up with mud in its eye.

BLUES AND HANGOVERS ON

The former got lots of the latter when Oxford and Cambridge met Egypt in a more or less titanic struggle, after which a sporting question arose: How many saw the belly dancer's scar? This English writer vows he did

The Nile boat races, stated the *Sunday Times* of London, would take place at Cairo and Luxor in deep December. Oxford and Cambridge were sending a crew each and, in view of the crocodiles, they hoped the winning cox would not be thrown into the Nile. As one who knew that crocodiles left the upper reaches of the Eternal River soon after the first Aswan Dam was built in 1902, I still found the item of compulsive interest.

December is not the time for a university crew to do anything but drink and wonder about who is going to row where on that magic day in March when the Oxford and Cambridge eights race from Putney to Mortlake on the Thames. For that 20-minute ordeal the 18 men are awarded a Blue, which is something akin to a sports letter in the U.S. but more powerful, and after that jobs come easily. You do not, they say in England, ever see a bookmaker on a bicycle or a rowing Blue queuing at the employment exchange.

In London, Samir Raouf of the United Arab Republic's tourist information center smiled expansively and said, "Oh yes, the Nile boat race is the branchchild of our Undersecretary for the Ministry of Tourism, an old oarsman who has great plans for holding the event in conjunction with river pageants, singing priests, golden chariots. . . ." And perhaps some plaster-spending jet setters cheering from the towpath.

He did admit that tourism since the Six-Day War was something of a non-event—probably on a par with the same industry in Vietnam. From his own point of view it would be a great joy to get some real tourists into his country. He sounded like a man from whose lips the words "sphinx" and "pyramid" had just about run down the delta and out to sea.

Chris Rodriguez is the president of the Cambridge University Boat Club. A dedicated man, he was definitely not prepared to jeopardize the chance of beating Oxford for the fourth year running by what he called "a week's jaunt to the Middle East." If the race had been in June, he said, he would have taken the real Cambridge crew. What



PHOTOGRAPH BY GERRY CORRIHAN

THE NILE

by CLEMENT FREUD

he did in December was embargo the 24 top men on his list and then select a team of Old Blues and undergraduates who for reasons of work or lack of prowess were left out of his final two dozen. He also went up to London to consult with the Foreign Office about the desirability of sending a crew. The Foreign Office saw no reason for not going to Egypt in December, though the worthy guru that Rodriguez consulted in a broom cupboard in Whitehall did mention that it would be unwise to let the crews dress up in frogmen's suits. They might be mistaken for Israelis.

Meanwhile, at Oxford, Jerry Dale, Rodriguez' opposite number, had fewer misgivings. Saying this was just what was needed to develop preseason strength, he selected a dozen men—about half of whom probably will row in the Oxford boat in March.

And so they came to the airport, where the Egyptian ambassador gave a farewell party, snatched a quick look at the seven journalists accompanying the tour and settled down with one and all to demolish an impressive array of Scotch whiskey. On balance, such balance as was maintained, the Oxford men were the extroverts—though students of form felt they had a surfeit of chieftains and could have done with a few hardworking, silent Indians.

The fact that fog descended upon London, that a journalist passed out as a result of demon drink, that we arrived in Cairo for breakfast instead of dinner and got to Luxor for late lunch instead of morning coffee are unimportant to the main plot, though they could explain the English universities' first training session. Lethargically did the 16 men row down the Nile while the two coxes croaked epithets at them like witches in *Macbeth*.

Also on the river was the enemy—the Cairo Police eight, who are the Egyptian champions, and an eight representing Cairo University. The gentlemen of the press watched these preliminaries eagerly and saw nothing to instill any fear that England would fail.

When it comes to international rowing, Egypt has not been in the top 10 since Cleopatra hargled about with Antony. The Cairo Police, taking fast, short, heavy dips when it is generally agreed that long rhythmic pulls are more conducive to speed in a racing shell, gave no indication that they were going to change this situation.

Nevertheless, any good Egyptian could point out—and more than a few have—that in 1966 Egypt once beat the Olympic gold-medal crew from the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia. Over in America they give a hollow laugh and explain that Vesper did row on the Nile—and was beaten. But extenuating circumstances are claimed. Vesper rowed in an Egyptian boat capable of holding 175-pound men; the Americans averaged 200. Paddling along about an inch and a half from the waterline, they were further intimidated by hitting a dead camel while training. They also found that the Egyptians start a race on the word *étes*, while most teams versed in oarsmanship await the final words of the international starting signal, "*Etes-vous prêts? Partie!*" (Are you ready? Start!), before taking the first stroke.

In Luxor the Oxford and Cambridge crews were wine and dined, cocktail and barbecued, taken on tours of temples, churches, tombs and monuments, and even found the odd hour for training. The first race was scheduled for 48 hours after their arrival and was to be rowed over the Olympic distance of two kilometers.

On race day the crews walked from their hotel to the temple of Luxor, where they stood in a hollow square while His Excellency the Undersecretary—reluctantly talked out of singing praises and golden chariots—simply led them in a chorus of "*Oxford Ya Yareh Ya-esh!*" (Long life, long life, etc.). After which the men of Cambridge and the other two crews came in for the same treatment.

It was all an impeccable taste. Everyone then made for the banks of the Nile, along which some 10,000 citizens of Luxor were waiting patiently, watched by two mounted policemen. One was riding the horse whose picture hangs in

continued

British and Egyptian oarsmen at parade rest in Luxor—one of the visit's rare dry moments.



the foyer of the hotel above the legend *Heave Ho! 75 Plasters an Hour*. Obviously no expense was going to be spared in Luxor—nor in Cairo, as we were to discover—in making this a high-class show.

There were inevitably some delays at the start. The course had been marked out with buoys. Newly painted river ferries were chugging along in midcourse, shouting to other craft to keep off the track. Meanwhile, the only boat in Luxor capable of keeping up with the crews was taking the judge to the start when it hit a 10-foot log. Fortunately, the boat recovered.

There was further delay. The race was to be started from stake boats anchored at 10-yard intervals in a straight line across the Nile. When the crews got to the start they held onto the stake boats, whose anchors dragged, and every few moments there was the unusual sight of men in the stake boats paddling or punting to retain some semblance of straightness.

Suddenly Oxford came racing toward us as we viewed the scene from up-course. The other crews looked on sullenly, and the men in dark blue cheerfully rowed

back. I tried to explain about false starts to an Egyptian lady, which caused me to miss the actual start, but the Oxford team got three-quarters of a length by virtue of having drawn to depart from an advantageously placed stake boat. Nearby, as the action began, a man with a fez was selling hats to tourists and hissing, "Give very good price for foreign currency. Put it in hat, please, police watching."

At the halfway mark Cambridge, rowing a steady 33 strokes a minute, had caught up, and with 500 yards to go, the Cairo Police, stroking 38, edged past Oxford... which is how it would have ended had the policemen not tried to increase their rate to the upper 40s. This tactical error enabled Oxford to make up all of a length in the last 150 meters and regain second place behind the victorious Cambridge crew. The cheers were loud; the race had been a success, and at the gala dinner that night both the Oxford and Cambridge strokes fell quietly asleep.

The tourist ministry's man in charge of protocol (he who had ordered a pre-training lunch of soup and *mousaka* and beef stew and roast pigeon with Ori-

ental rice followed by fresh fruit and coffee) had the teams up at 6 a.m. on the next day so they might take a long look at the temple of Karnak. In England on the day before the classic boat race the universities stay in their Thames-side hotel, train lightly, eat high-protein meals, have a tactical talk, see a movie and go to bed at 9.30. In Egypt the program was Karnak from 7 to 10; to airport and fly to Cairo, arrival at 12:30; bus to hotel. Unpack. Bus to Maadi Club for late lunch. Wait for delivery of boats, which took until 4:30; get onto the water (5 o'clock) and then train into the sunset (5:30). After this the crews raced back to the hotel, changed into dinner jackets and went to a reception at the British Embassy.

At 8 o'clock the ambassador left, and at 8:30 the teams were in the bazaar buying Christmas presents. At 10:30 they arrived at the dinner given in their honor at Shepherd's Hotel by Cairo University. It was an unusual preparation for a race, and as official bookmaker to the English teams I offered 2 to 1 against either crew beating the solidly respectable, doubtless teetotal men of the Cairo Police. There were no takers.

Bill Fink, the ex-Yale coach of Oxford, included himself in the crew for the race at Cairo, replacing Dan Topolski, the bow and a putative Romeo suspected by some of having hidden an exceedingly small young lady in the front of the boat at Luxor. The Cambridge coach, Adrian Buckmaster, found places for his two reserves. These changes clearly favored Oxford.

Openly delighted at the way things had gone at Luxor, the ministries of tourism and youth invited 2,000 people to be their guests at the Cairo boat race at a site half an hour out of town. They came as if it were for a garden party, sat delicately on the terrace of the boat club and inhaled into the workmanlike atmosphere of the Nile an air of wondrous unreality. Hardly anyone noticed that, as the course was directly in front of and below them, barely a quarter of those present would catch a glimpse of the boats in the two inside lanes. This turned out to be less important than the problems of building a bridge of small talk between lunch and lunch. Lunch



Cambridge Coach Adrian Buckmaster samples the exotic night life—gypsy dancer division.

was at 1:30, the boat race at 4:15. Ah well, the ladies and gentlemen of the diplomatic corps are tough cookies, brought up to cope with the slings and arrows of fortune.

If this had been boxing at Madison Square Garden we would have had half a dozen minor bouts, ever dependable, enabling people to turn up late or, if punctual, patronize the bar. But this was not the Garden, and the crowd could not arrive late because their excellencies the ministers were there receiving guests. So there was a regatta and a water ski display by persons who fell over, and then something which was called kite-flying on the program. This consisted of a man mounted on water skis holding a strange device made of light-blue silk fitted to a harness. When he skied upwind, he took off, and the commentator told us that, to date, 40 meters was the highest anyone had flown. Kiteman was about to beat this impressive record. Frankly, it seemed that if the wind was strong enough, the boat fast enough and the rope of sufficient length and strength, there was no limit to the heights to which a man could rise. But when Kiteman flew over us, one applauded even as one prayed there would not be a squall. Regardless of the man on whom he landed, Kiteman would have got the headlines, and to be mentioned in passing on the occasion of a two-man fatality is something I have always dreaded. There was no squall, and we eventually had the boat race.

The Cairo Police started rowing when the starter cleared his throat. Oxford and Cairo University gave chase when he got to "two." And Cambridge, desperately tired, left soon after. A length ahead after 30 yards, the Cairo Police never appeared in danger of being caught. They won by 2½ lengths from Oxford, with Cambridge beaten at the finish line by a fast-closing Cairo University crew.

So the result was utterly inconclusive. England had won and lost to Egypt. Oxford had beaten Cambridge and been beaten by Cambridge. The Cairo University boat had been beaten out of sight only to come back and snatch third place from the winners at Luxor. The press launch had rescued the only man to jump for joy into the Nile—the Cairo cove—and he had encountered neither crocs, camels nor frogmen. The birdman had scored up 40 meters-plus in his kite. No



Gars bite the Nile as Cairo Police, Cambridge, Oxford and Cairo U. hoistily start Luxor race.

one knew or very much cared who had won the Nile-class dinghy race. Everyone felt badly about the many dears on the terraces who had been unable to see anything, and next time, it was decided, announcements would be made about which team was where and wore what. Above all, the machinery of tourism and the exchange of youth had recommenced, although the Cairo winners were the most unyouthful side on parade.

But as they smiled and bowed and crushed the hands that were given them to crush, and as they exchanged jerseys with the English crews—which spreads the message of Egyptian cotton—one

could not help thinking of the hollowness of their victory. The following day the policemen had to be back on duty.

The men of Cambridge, having out-eaten and outdrunk everyone all along the line, had still two cocktail parties, a luncheon at the Gezira Sporting Club, a talk by the minister of thought and a visit to the pyramids before the farewell dinner on board the *Omar Alkaydan*, where, rumor had it, one could see the best belly dancer in Egypt.

It turned out that she had an appendix scar, but by the time she came out to undulate I honestly do not think anyone noticed.

END

Oxford Stroke Fred Carr negotiates for souvenir with street vendor. What is it? A Ry whisk.





THE TOUGHEST KID ON ANYBODY'S BLOCK

John Roche is the best of some New York transplants who are mean enough to take South Carolina to the NCAA title **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

His is of another time—when hard, insolent white kids came off the streets of New York to control the game of basketball in Madison Square Garden. They had long Jewish names then—Kinsbrunner, Tannenbaum, Rubenstein, Schechtman—and they were followed in later years by Irish toughs with St. Christopher medals around their necks and hearts on their sleeves. The McGuires and the McMahons, to mention a few, were harder, even cockier, and they won with their heads and their hands while serving notice that the “New York back-court man” was the one who counted.

He was a mean, nasty kid who could dribble, pass, shoot some, protect the ball, go without it, play defense, direct his own team, rough up the other people and control the tempo of any game. Above all, of course, the New York back-court man could win; he became a revered figure in recruiting circles both near and far away from the sidewalks of his home.

Now here he is again, 600 miles away in Columbia, S.C., where his picture appears billboard-size along the road, his name adorns outdoor movie marquees and his uniform number 11 sells out in sporting-goods stores. And where, too, on a recent occasion, Ann Mapp, a teenager playing for her Eastminster Presbyterian Church team, crossed herself at the foul line.

“What was that?” asked Bill Mapp, her father and coach.

“Well, he does it and it goes in,” said Mary. Who does? “John Roche does,” she said.

And so he does. After two years of leading the Gamecocks of South Carolina to the brink and enchanting the

state, if not the entire region, with the precision of his style, John Roche (*see cover*) of 66th Street, a snarling alley guy the East Side is proud to call its own, is back again doing it all: scoring, ball handling, scrapping, recalling the past, outbrazening everybody and becoming—with all due respect to the present grants on campus—one of the most dominant players in the college game.

Two years ago Roche—along with three other sophomores, a junior and no bench to speak of—won the Quaker City Classic in Philadelphia, upset Duke twice, North Carolina once and became the surprise team of the season before expiring in the NIT when one of the Gamecock starters was injured in a revolving door and could not play. Last spring, after a performance that included the championship of the Sugar Bowl and a spotless 14-0 record in the Atlantic Coast Conference—a regular-season achievement that was unmatched anywhere for its domination of a neighborhood—South Carolina met a similar fate. In a semifinal game against Wake Forest in the conference tournament that determines the league representative to the NCAA playoffs, Roche tore ligaments in his left ankle. The next night he came off crutches to play against North Carolina State but was severely immobilized as South Carolina lost the championship in a slowdown, 42-39.

Despite the setback, Roche was the first player in ACC history to be named Player of the Year in both of his first two seasons. He also made All-America teams and he turned scouting reports that insisted on labeling him “slow—can be pressed” into so many pieces of trash. Just this week he was back in his home town leading undefeated South Carolina in New York’s Holiday Festival. He was averaging 22.4

continued

Roche, a perfectionist, works out alone in the South Carolina arena before regular practice.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DEANE

points a game and had already won his return match with the celebrated Austin Carr of Notre Dame. Moreover, Roche had done nothing to lessen the admiration of his coach, Frank McGuire, who says of him in a phrase and manner that their Irish forefathers would know and love: "I wouldn't trade the dirt under his fingernails for anyone else's soul."

It was impossible for McGuire or anybody else to foretell what John Roche would become for South Carolina when the scrawny, hawk-nosed youngster—"My uptown kid," as McGuire, a Greenwich Village guy, calls him—came out of high school in 1967. For one thing, he was a defensive player, not a shooter. For another, his teammate at La Salle Academy, tall Tom Owens, was a better prospect. Then, as now, Roche had that blank expression—a gaunt, sallow thing that looked like nothing so much as Julie Harris who, as little Frankie Adams in *The Member of the Wedding*, cried a streak when she could not go along on her brother's honeymoon.

Naturally, though referees might disagree, John Roche did not cry much on the basketball court. And, of course, if anyone ever suggested his resemblance to Julie Harris, the accuser would find himself flattened in a hurry. Instead, he and Owens took over the South Carolina offense and made it their own. With just five men who could play in that first year, it was a thinking man's operation, a slow, deliberate, calm and collected thing, with smooth cuts, firm screens, picks and rolls and all kinds of sliding, which they had learned from their La Salle coach, Dan Buckley.

"He told us the guard creates the switch," says Roche. "I would bob and weave. We called it 'jockeying.'" Bill Loving, an assistant coach at South Carolina, remembers the two as freshmen, getting the ball on the run, starting quickly, then all of a sudden Roche holding up. "We asked each other, 'Why don't they just break?'" recalls Loving.

McGuire saw more to it than that after a preseason scrimmage against Georgia. "They can do it," he told assistant Don Walsh. "Roche is good enough to dominate." To this day, McGuire's decision to let Roche control every game—a judgment that enables the 6' 3" star to have the ball as much as 75% of the time—has come under heavy criticism. It is argued that the strat-

egy may have been good in Roche's sophomore year, but with all the height available last season—6' 10" Tom Riker had joined the 6' 10" Owens and John Ribock, a 6' 8", 240-pound enforcer, underneath—South Carolina should have gone to the middle more. And with the addition of another brilliant guard this season in 6' 3" sophomore Kes in Joyce, the Gamecocks still will never play to their full potential because of their reliance on Roche.

To counter this, McGuire has merely to point out that South Carolina's only two regular-season losses last season (to Tennessee and Davidson) were hardly the fault of Roche; in those games he scored a total of 55 points. "John is so unselfish and tries to set up everybody else so often we don't mind him having the ball all the time," says Owens.

Still, though the Gamecocks doubtless will be running more (they are probably the only team in the country that can play fast and slow equally well), McGuire is driving some pro scouts to the fringes of lunacy because they never get a chance to see how good Owens is, or Riker, or Joyce or even—in the case of football scouts—Ribock.

"I'm not Jesus," says McGuire. "Roche is the best I've ever seen at controlling a game. While I have him, we have to take advantage of that." It is also a fact that in South Carolina's intrasquad games, the first team wins by 20 with Roche and loses by 20 when he switches sides.

The professionals, of course, do see enough of him. "If you compare Roche with Carr, he comes out a bad second," says Red Auerbach, "but against others, he is probably the best all-round player." Auerbach's opinion came before South Carolina's 85-82 victory at Notre Dame in which Roche outscored Carr 32-27, making 16 of 16 from the foul line. "Head to head in that one," says Jerry Krause of the Chicago Bulls, "Roche came out much the better. He dominated the game. I'd say he is the most natural true guard in the country. He sees people. He is quick enough and he penetrates. Carr or Mike Newlin [of Utah] may go ahead of him in the draft because of their shooting, but John puts it on the floor better, he's smoother and he can play defense on anybody. Someone can turn a pro offense over to Roche next year and say, 'Here, run it,' and he could do it easy."

John Roche grew up as the only son (he has two sisters) of an examiner for The Chase Manhattan Bank. He played softball and roller hockey on the streets and got into "no more fights than anybody else on the block." That, of course, was a lot. His interest in basketball was nurtured by shooting at a cardboard box that the kids hung on the spiked bars of a trade school across the street. Roche was always smaller than the older boys he played with and, after building his game around inanimate picks set by a concrete pole in the playground, he played on CYO league teams and earned a scholarship to La Salle, where he found a human pick in Owens.

The two would ride the subway to and from school (Owens lived in the Bronx), and their friendship survived those occasions when his bigger classmate would playfully hinder Roche from getting off the train at the correct stop and then release him just in time to get trampled by the rush hour mob. In their senior year La Salle defeated Rice High School and Dean Meminger, who now plays for Marquette, three times, including a victory in the city finals when Roche held Meminger to one basket.

But recruiters were more interested in Owens. "They won't admit it here," says Roche today, "but even Coach McGuire really wanted Tommy, not me. I kid them about it sometimes, but they didn't need me." Though Roche was somewhat of a forlorn figure his first year in Columbia, feeling a certain homesickness for, among other things, the delights offered by Gus, the Sabrett hot dog man on his block, he polished his game—the one he and Owens were planning to play.

The sophomores everyone was waiting for in the ACC the next year were Randy Denton and Dick DeVenzio of Duke. Not many people knew who John Roche was until one February night in Durham when, with their teammates clearing out the side, Roche scored 37 points and Owens 26 while giving a lesson in New York basketball to Duke 82-72. Six nights later at Charlotte, Roche introduced his "throw shot"—an infuriating little maneuver that looked like it was coming from the hip. All he did with "the throw" was foul out three men, score 38 points and whip the Gamecocks past North Carolina, 68-66. The ACC had a new personality.

That week spent coming of age in the

continued

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North Carolina pines seems to be the point at which the league's deep hatred for the Gamecocks—engendered by South Carolina's emergence as a power, by Roche's ability and attitude, and by the long-simmering dislike for McGuire around the ACC—came to full bloom. Total bitterness remains.

Both of Roche's Player of the Year awards are still contested by people in North Carolina who claim that "racism" on the part of ACC writers kept the Tar Heels' Charlie Scott from his due. Scott publicly agrees. Last season Roche's injury in the ACC tournament following on the heels of his remark that "it is all over for the North Carolina schools" brought forth dozens of late night crank phone calls and letters.

"I love it," says Roche. "The people must be mamas, but they just make me play harder. This league is a bloodbath. That's what makes it so great. Nobody around the country ever heard of the ACC awards until Charlie complained. It just gave us more publicity."

Already this season Duke cheerleaders, after watching their team get mauled 98-78 in Columbia, have appealed to their own students for an extra effort against the Gamecocks when next their teams meet. Also, Roche has received a warning letter from a "George Karl" to the effect that "I am waiting for you." George Karl is a sophomore guard at North Carolina and a kamikaze of a defender. He denies knowledge of the letter, says it may be the work of friends and calls Roche "a great player." But at Columbia, they are waiting for Karl.

"We have our own animals," says South Carolina's Riker. "How about Ribock? He's insane."

The son of a retired Army mess sergeant and a onetime altar boy, Ribock has become the league's reigning butcher due largely to the efforts of Roche and Owens. On first meeting the New Yorkers as freshmen, Ribock, a Georgia native, said, "You know what I like to do when I go home? I like to sit in front of my TV with a big gallon of water and drink it all down." The Oad End sophisticates, Roche and Owens, went wild. They said to each other "Instant Savage" and proceeded to, in their words, "psych Ribock up for blasting guys" by telling him how tough his opponents were supposed to be.

Ribock once took on nine men in a local beer parlor, reducing it to "the bar-

room in *Shave*," according to one witness. He also cleaned out an entire men's dormitory floor whose members had yelled obscenities at his girl friend. It was only later that he found out he had erased the wrong people.

Ribock's most fervid adventure came two weeks ago during a spectacular mass brawl that prematurely ended the South Carolina-Maryland game with 4:52 remaining. Early in the evening Maryland's Sparky Still had—injudiciously—punched Ribock in the back. No retaliation was forthcoming at that point, but when the fight broke out—involving both benches, spectators and numerous state and local police—Ribock pummeled another Terp player. Maryland Coach Lefty Oriesell attempted to mediate, unwisely shouting at Ribock, "You're crazy, you're crazy." Ribock connected twice on Oriesell's face, bruising his lip and cheek. After the game Oriesell threatened retaliation when the teams meet at College Park and said that McGuire was "crazy" if his team "even sets foot in our state."

As ferocious as Ribock is, his teammates still consider Roche the meanest among them. "Let's step outside," is his standard line. "He has more than the average Irish temper," says Owens, remembering the time when Roche, a freshman, docked a classmate in the student union, whereupon his adversary pulled a gun. "You should have seen Owens scatter," laughs Roche. "I just told the guy, 'Well, O.K.' We didn't get along very well."

Another time Roche was reaching over a counter at The Big Bird, a campus eatery, to get some nuts for his ice-cream sundae when the counterman grabbed his arm. Roche spun, unloaded a beauty of a left hand and, says Owens, "gave the guy an unbelievably black eye. Opened up his face pretty good, too, I recall."

On the court Roche is only a fraction tamer. The creativity and imagination of his game are things to behold. Still, they always seem accompanied by a certain contempt. His arrogance is overwhelming; Roche levels most opposing players not so much with a fist as with a sneer. He did take a swing at Auburn's John Mengelt in the opening game of the season, however, and in the Duke game, frustrated by a charging foul called on him, he kicked the fallen DeVenizio in the foot and drew a technical foul.

"He goes crazy sometimes," says Owens. "He's so intense, wants to win so badly. He has that look, like he's asking for trouble—an amazing hothead. Ask him."

"I think generally our team is a bunch of hotheads," says Roche, with vast understatement. "We have to get on Ribock to get him mad before the game. But Owens doesn't have to tell me anything. I'm immediately feed off the minute I hit the floor."

In quieter moments, Roche relaxes at Oen's, a local pizza and beer paradise, studies his business courses—a B-plus student, he made several academic All-America teams—and goes out with Sally Helbig, his blonde girl friend from Scarsdale, N.Y. Sally says, "My mother thought I'd be Scarlett O'Hara and live on a plantation after I came to school here. So I wind up with a kid from the streets. They're the best kind anyway."

Last season many experts believed South Carolina's street kids were the only team with an even chance to defeat UCLA in the final playoffs, and the Gamecocks are one of few with that potential this year. Often Roche, Owens and the rest of McGuire's sons of the old sod by way of New York asphalt consider that thought, mull over their three-year record (52-10 to date) and admit that, although they may be the best ACC team ever, they have yet to win anything.

"It depends on your evaluation of yourself," says Roche. "Last year we felt we were good enough to win the NCAA. So it didn't make much difference losing when we did, or later. If we lost at all, the season was not a success. It's the same this time."

"We're tired of all the hatred," says Owens. "I came here to play basketball, not to grow to hate people. If we win the national championship, I just want to ride around the state of North Carolina with a megaphone, yelling at everybody, 'Grop dead.' Among other things."

Last summer Owens took a trip across the country. On a stopover in Los Angeles he walked into UCLA's Pauley Pavilion and talked with Henry Bibby, Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe. He told the Bruins he would see them at Houston, in the Astrodome, in the final game of the NCAA playoffs. If that meeting occurs, Owens will undoubtedly bring a little friend along with him.

END



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Henry Stewart McDonald III deposited his dusty 1966 Oldsmobile in a handy no-parking zone outside one of those cagey Miami Beach hotels. Then he paused to arrange some things in the trunk, including a pair of old brown loafers he had brought along in case of an emergency, like a funeral, say, or perhaps a royal coronation. Today, happily, promised no such crisis: just a frilly luncheon meeting of several hundred Miami Beach businessmen that a friend had invited him to. And so, leaving the loafers in the trunk, McDonald, all spruced up in a maroon sports coat, white slacks and a snazzy scarf tie, strode barefoot into the hotel.

It was a splendid affair that brought out the very finest in men's footwear, plenty of suedes, patents and alligators with tussels and Gucci buckles galore. By the time it was over, Stew McDonald's unshod feet had attracted stares and sidelong glances from, variously, several tourists in the gold-draped lobby, quite a few cigar-chomping gentlemen inside a colonnaded dining room decorated in shades of pink and, not least, a couple of Spanish-speaking waiters. Finally, back in the lobby, somebody got around to asking him why he was not wearing shoes. McDonald, a tall, tanned figure topped by a shock of ash-white hair, actually seemed surprised by the question. "You know?" he said. "I do believe you're the only person today who's even noticed."

Any man who can draw stares in a place like Miami Beach can probably do so anywhere, which is precisely what Stew McDonald seems bent on proving

during his footloose, barefoot dash through life. Indifferent to custom and convention, he has at one time or other ventured bravely barefoot down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, onto jetliners, into gala black-tie dinners—everywhere, as he puts it, except "parties which the hostess specifically designates as 'wear-shoe' affairs." And at home in Tampa he has gone merrily along for as much as a month at a stretch without putting on shoes.

This business of a man his age—he will be 46 next month—making like Huck Finn may seem a frivolous preoccupation, but it is an important one to Stew McDonald, one of the free-form operators who live by their wits on the fringes of sport. It certainly defines him more sharply in one's mind, for example, than the fact that he finished 10th in total winnings—something over \$6,000—as a driver on the Eastern stock-car circuit back in 1948. As biography goes, it is more relevant than the news that two years later, with a casual versatility, he was runner-up in mixed doubles in the world water-ski championship. Unquestionably, it merits a more prominent mention on his résumé than his random roles as auto mechanic, photographer, TV announcer, coach, pilot, model—name it and McDonald will gladly tell when and where he did it. And that, whenever possible, he did it in his bare feet.

And why did he? On occasion, his motive has been to openly and unabashedly attract attention, starting with the time years ago when the promoter of a Chicago water-ski show paid McDonald \$200 to go barefoot into the Pump Room, one of that city's elegant restaurants, as a publicity stunt. As a stock-car racer, McDonald often drove barefoot in the belief that it helped him control the car ("The feet just kiss the pedals"), and when a public-address announcer in West Palm Beach introduced him one day as "Barefoot McDonald," it occurred to him to start trading on the idea. Billing himself under the name, he found he was soon able to wrangle \$25 or more in appearance money from promoters.



TOP HAT, WHITE TIE AND BARE TOES

Stewart McDonald got to the bottom of things years ago: he kicked off his shoes and started strolling barefoot through life. Now, on the fringe of the flaky Florida sport world, his footprint is his trademark

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



Such practical considerations aside, it also happens that Barefoot feels strongly enough about the barefoot thing to have kicked up a memorable fuss the time he was summarily evicted from a Las Vegas casino, where he had been playing blackjack sans shoes. "Whadysa mean, bare feet?" demanded McDonald as he was shown the way out. "You've got broods in here wearing dresses without any backs. Some of the dresses don't even have any fronts." Lately, in reaction to the hippie phenomenon, some restaurants have banned bare feet, but McDonald dismisses such places as "rinky-dink, honky-tonk old greasy spoons." Given his earnestness on the subject, one can sympathize with an ex-girl friend, who, after breaking up with McDonald, went out and married a shoe manufacturer.

Quite simply, McDonald is happiest when he keeps those 11Ds of his unencumbered. "I just don't like being restricted," he says, and this helps account for the loose-fitting adornments he favors in general, including a wristwatch that threatens to slide to his elbow whenever he raises his arm. It helps account, too, for the fact that Barefoot McDonald, nearly two decades after graduating from the University of Miami as student-body president and a young man ever so likely to succeed, has yet to begin anything resembling a coherent career.

This fundamental approach to life has been a cause of concern, if not wonderment, to one of McDonald's younger sisters, who prays for him regularly, to the different women he dates (a three-year marriage ended in divorce in 1956) and to his father, a lawyer and high-ranking official in the Interior Department, who routinely says of his son: "This boy could have been president of U.S. Steel or General Motors."

"There are only two reasons I'm not," the son answers, just as routinely. "One, they haven't asked me. Two, I don't want to be."

Instead of running a corporation, McDonald moves easily between a remarkable variety of jobs. Flick on the television one day and you might find him doing the color commentary for some

continued

water-ski segment on ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports*, an occasional chore that flows from his experience as public-address announcer at water-ski competitions. To find him some other time, you might have to seek McDonald out at his part-time job—a lower-exposure sort of thing—as a mechanic at an auto tune-up shop in Tampa. Just look for a couple of naked grease-stained feet peeking out from under a car, and Stew McDonald will be at the other end.

Or stay put and he will come to you. An improbable locale was Providence, R.I., where McDonald popped up as the advance man plugging *Fireball Jungle*, a low-budget bikini-and-motorcycle movie that was staging its New England premiere at a drive-in theater. It requires resourcefulness to live the way McDonald does—but he outdid himself on *Fireball Jungle*, an epic that moviegoers will remember for the scene in a nightclub called the Throne Room, in which the customers don't sit on barstools but on gaily decorated toilet seats. Arriving in Providence, McDonald, drawing on his watery background, got a bright idea. He mounted a toilet on a pair of water skis, sat down on it and went for a spin on wintry Narragansett Bay for the benefit of local photographers. It all worked fine for about 100 yards until, without warning, the contraption suddenly nose-dived and McDonald had to be fished ingloriously from the icy waters.

"It was the first time I'd ever plugged a movie," he admits. "The thing with the toilet was something I devised on the spot. I had to wing it." After throwing out, McDonald further winged it by hiring several girls, dressing them in pussycat costumes and putting them to work distributing *Fireball Jungle* leaflets from the back of a flatbed truck. He was arrested for holding a parade without a permit. Still, there is an edge of satisfaction in his voice when he says, "Well, at least the arrest made the newspapers, so we salvaged something."

At home in Tampa, McDonald has put his ingenuity to work by going into business—part-time, of course—as an "auto-repair broker," a service he describes with the rhythmic, enthusiastic cadences of a carnival barker. "The way it works," he says, "I take your car and get it fixed for you, and make sure the job is done right. If the car needs tires, I take it to the best tire shop. If it

needs a new transmission, I go to the best transmission shop and make the deal. I save you the running around, and I see to it that the work gets done right and it doesn't cost you any more, either. I make my money by getting discounts from the various shops."

McDonald also makes his services available as a toastmaster, commercial photographer and public-address announcer—he will announce festivities for Tampa's annual Gasparilla Pirate Invasion next month—and he is head of the local Quiet Birdmen, an organization of aviation enthusiasts. If there is any focal point for his activity, it is water skiing. Besides performing and announcing, McDonald has been involved in virtually every facet of the sport, from judging at meets to authoring various how-to manuals. Since 1964 he also has been coach of the water-ski team at the University of Tampa, which is the only college to accord the sport varsity status, sending its coeducational team out against ski clubs from other warm-weather schools.

Two of these clubs, one representing the University of South Florida and the other St. Petersburg Junior College, also are coached by McDonald. Last November all three of his schools competed in an 11-school tournament in Tampa. McDonald, who co-authored the official intercollegiate water-ski rules, was tournament chairman and served as a judge. "We're a little short of officials in this sport," he explained. At that meet, because of just such activities, a member of the Rollins College water-ski team accused McDonald of a conflict of interest. After due and careful consideration, McDonald rejected the complaint.

It was water skiing that got McDonald into modeling, a career that peaked when he starred a few years ago in one of those "greasy kid stuff" TV commercials, in which he taught an aspiring water skier the intricacies of both fancy midair turns and proper grooming. He also has posed for ads touting shaving lather and deodorant, but some sponsors have spurned McDonald on the grounds that his ruddily masculine looks suggest Lee Marvin, a resemblance they fear might detract from the product. This would probably trouble McDonald more, except that, as he unblushingly points out, "Lee Marvin happens to be a fine actor and a very handsome man."

Ostensibly, McDonald's principal

business is Stew's Ski School, which a Tampa television announcer once referred to, in a memorable blooper, as Stew's Screw School. It operates out of a motel on Old Tampa Bay and offers water-ski instruction by McDonald and two full-time assistants. The school brings in just enough money to keep McDonald out of shoes. The big problem is that he is seldom around to keep an eye on things. "I'd do a helluva lot better if I stuck to one thing," he admits, "but I guess it's against my nature." In an effort to juggle everything McDonald always carries a clipboard on which he logs phone calls, keeps track of the traffic tickets he is forever collecting and jots down such favorite aphorisms as "The best helping hand is the one at the end of your own arm." The clipboard also reminds him of appointments he hopes to keep and errands he intends to get around to running.

"I don't trust any man who doesn't carry a clipboard," McDonald says flatly, ignoring the fact that his own system often seems to be on the verge of collapse. His four-room home—shared with nine cats—is amazingly cluttered with a lifetime accumulation of possessions, including boxes of photographs, piles of old newspapers and correspondence, not to mention several hundred empty egg cartons he has never had the heart to throw out. Burdened by all his projects and paperwork, McDonald finds punctuality an elusive trait, and sometimes he neglects to show up altogether.

A mercurial nature makes McDonald's life all the more volatile. There was the time that an obstinate parking-lot attendant at Tampa's airport refused to cash a personal check for fees covering McDonald's 1949 Plymouth. "Well, keep the damned car, then," McDonald fumed. Although the Plymouth was worth considerably more than the parking charge, he never returned to claim it.

Much of his wrath McDonald saves for the police, whom he is forever attracting because of an avowed disregard for traffic laws. "Maybe it's childish of me," he says of all the speeding tickets he collects, "but I'm a better driver than you are, so I think I'm qualified to drive faster than you do. Of course, I've had to pay the penalty all my life for maintaining that belief."

McDonald has also received a num-

ber of tickets for driving without shoes, even though, contrary to a widely held belief, it is perfectly legal to drive barefoot in any of the 50 states. (Indeed, one state automobile association advised its members a few years ago that motorists might relax on long trips by removing their shoes.) This is something that McDonald naturally makes it his business to know, even though the fact eludes some policemen. Once McDonald was wheeling a motorcycle barefoot through Tampa when a cop, also on a motorcycle, pulled alongside at a red light and growled, "Where's your shoes?"

"I haven't got any," said McDonald. "You mean here?" the officer asked.

"I mean *awhere*," Whereupon the light turned green.

At the next red light the policeman pulled alongside to resume the exchange. "You mean you're riding without any shoes?" he demanded.

"I guess that's what I'm doing, all right," came the reply.

There was a slight pause. "Doesn't it hurt your feet?"

"Only if I put them down over 30 miles an hour." Green light.

Next intersection. "Guess you know it's against the law," the officer said.

"Bet you a ticket it's not."

And so, of course, he was ticketed. When McDonald arrived in court, the judge asked for his plea. "I can't plead either guilty or not guilty, your honor," he replied, "because no such charge exists." He was right, and the case was dismissed.

It was after his discharge from the service in late 1945 (he was a World War II sergeant and a Korean war pilot) that McDonald began his auto-racing career. In 1948, the year he won that \$6,000-plus, McDonald crashed his 1940 Ford coupe in a feature race in North Carolina and suffered a severely wrenched back. When the doctor recommended that he swim four hours a day as therapy, McDonald decided that such a regimen might best be followed in Florida.

Although he remembers disliking shoes from earliest childhood, it was the feel of the warm Florida sand underfoot that set McDonald squarely on his barefoot course. It was there—after he resumed his racing career—that he took up the name Barefoot McDonald. It was there, too, while enrolled at the University of Miami, that he took up water

skiing. He made pilgrimages to that mecca of water skiing, Cypress Gardens, and before long was performing in shows and competing in meets. About that time the Cypress Garden crowd was discovering the first primitive techniques of skiing barefoot—and Barefoot McDonald, of all people, could hardly have held his head high if he had not become one of the first to learn the trick.

The problem then, as now, was that there have never been enough hours to satisfy all his energy and enthusiasm. "I don't regret anything except all the time I've dissipated," says McDonald, who sometimes seems as if he is trying to pick up a moment he might have lost along the way. A typical weekday in Tampa found him off on a dozen errands; one moment he was arranging the next monthly meeting of the Quiet Birdmen. The next he was visiting *The Tampa Tribune* to plead the case of a water skier whose jumping ramp had provoked complaints from residents of a local lake.

Few of the day's errands had anything to do with his various jobs. Finally, in late afternoon, McDonald stopped by the garage where he is employed as a mechanic. He was gently reminded that he had promised to report for work that morning.

"I got tied up," he said. "I'll be in tomorrow morning."

Next day, however, he failed to appear. He was tied up again, this time on last-minute production details for a movie, a training film for gas-station attendants. Another of McDonald's part-time jobs, as it happens, is as production manager for television and industrial films.

And so Stew McDonald continues to resist restrictions. Visiting the oak-shaded University of Tampa one day to drop off some bills incurred by his water-ski team, he happened to glance at a front-page headline in the student newspaper. The story told of changes in student-dress regulations, including rules that would now allow coeds to wear pants on campus. Still in effect, though, was a regulation requiring students to wear shoes. Walking along the campus, McDonald said, "You know something? I don't believe those rules apply in any way to coeds." As he savored the irony of it, his bare feet stirred up little clouds of dust, and he threw back his head and laughed.

END

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DON'T CRY UNTIL IT'S ALL OVER

The way it started, the idea was to get from one place to another in wintertime without floundering in snow, maybe even enjoying the frozen scenery along the way. Then someone made a sport out of cross-country skiing, as people will out of almost anything, and over the last few hundred years the game has been refined to a cold form of athletic torture. Nordic racers plow along with pumping strides, burning off calories at a 1,350-per-hour count and steaming like human locomotives, each alone in his own world of agony. At the last world championships in Czechoslovakia, Photographer Neil Leifer and Reporter Anita Verschoth found that this special breed, typified by the racers at right and on the following pages, is made up of stubborn competitors who hold it all in until the event is over. Only then, fighting for breath, do they surrender to waves of fiery pain.

In those first achy moments at the end of a race there is no way to tell the winners from the losers. "You are in complete fatigue," groaned one entrant, "but you keep pushing yourself. Only at the finish do you give us to the hurt." Then, wrapped into a comforting blanket by considerate friends, a racer is happy to have his poles to lean on.







Few suffer as much for their sport as country skiers explode into a race fabale! then lark along lovely rails up hills and over bridges—moving too fast to feel the cold—and finish in triumph. But then comes the final chill: men, women, winners, losers all face the special recompression that is enough to make a grown up cry.



SEE SOME, SKI SOME

Like all athletes, Nordic skiers need cheering on. But cross-country spectators need not be a sedentary activity, as it is at other games; one can tramp vigorously through the snow, breathe in cold, crisp air and enjoy the countryside as well as the races. Here is a seasonal schedule for skier watchers—including a couple of races where, if you are overcome by energy, you can enter and swing along with the best of them: Jan. 8: Kennedy Memorial Games, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Jan. 16-21: USSA Cross-Country Championships, Durango, Colo.

Jan. 24: Putney Relays, Putney, Vt. (A great family race; anyone may enter.)

Jan. 30-31: Alaska International Cross-Country Championships, Anchorage.

Feb. 21: Putney 50-kilometer race, Putney.

Feb. 22: Washington's Birthday Cross-Country race, Putney. (Another event open to all, over 20 kilometers. Remember, that's 12 miles.)

Feb. 26-28: Swedish Ski Games, Fålen, Sweden.

March 4-6: NCAA Championships, Terry Peak, S. Dak.

March 5-7: Salpausselka Games, Lahti, Finland.

March 7: The Vasaloppet, 51 miles from Sölen to Mora, Sweden. (Any man over 21 may enter officially, and some liberated women have been known to sneak in. It is a classic: U.S. cross-country coach John Caldwell did it in seven hours.)

March 11-14: Holmenkollen, Oslo, Norway.

March 17-20: National Junior Nordic Championships, Borcal Ridge, Calif.

March 20-21: Prijo Games, Kuopio, Finland.

April 11-18: Top of the World Ski Championships, Inuvik, Northwest Territories, Canada.

They must that they are happy in their sport even though their faces don't show it. But never mind those pained expressions, just consider that when Finland's Kalevi Oksanen, upper right, pulls himself together, he is going to be delighted to discover he's the champion.



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FISHING ON THE RIVERS OF THE MIND

Our time's uneasiness pervades even the quiet of the Golden Gate Club, where young men play at the fishing game and older men dream of lost wild streams

by THOMAS McGUANE

Down: a curious mixture of noises. Birds, ocean, trees sighing in a breeze off the Pacific; then, in the foreground, the steady cropping of buffaloes.

They are massing peacefully, feeding and nuzzling and ignoring the traffic. They are fat, happy, numerous beasts; and all around them are the gentle, primordial hills of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, U.S.A. It is down on the buffalo paddock: the frontier is nowhere in sight.

By midmorning in buffalo country things get a little more active at street level. Out of the passing string of health nuts, ordinary pedestrians, policemen and 21st century transcendental visionaries with electro-fuzz hairdos that look more like spiral nebulae than anything out here in Vitalis country—from this passing string, then, a citizen occasionally detaches himself, avoids the buffalo paddock by a few yards and enters the grounds of the Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club. The club is the successor of an earlier organization, the San Francisco Fly Casting Club, which was founded in 1894. It has been located in Golden Gate Park only since the 1930s, when its facilities were constructed by the City of San Francisco.

The grounds of the club are not so prepossessing as its 76-year history would lead one to expect. The clubhouse and casting pools are on an elevation that is shaped like a small mesa. The clubhouse is a single story, dark and plain, and faces the pools that are surrounded and overhung by immense, fragrant eucalyptus trees. The clubhouse is thoroughly grown in with laurel and rhododendron and—after street-level Golden Gate—the effect is, distinctly, through-the-look-ing-glass.

Today, as a man rehearses the ancient motions of casting a fly on the elegant green surfaces of the practice pools, he even may hear one of the stern invocations of our century: "Stiek 'er up!" and be relieved, perhaps even decorously, of his belongings. It wouldn't be the first time. But that would only happen in midweek. On a weekend many of his fellow members will be there. Stick-up artists will go to the beach or play golf and it will be feasible to watch your backcast instead of the underbrush.

This particular Sunday has been especially well attended. The men are wandering out of the clubhouse where you

can smell bacon, eggs and pancakes—just as you might in the cook tent of one of the imperial steelhead camps these same anglers frequent in the Northwest. They pick up fly rods and make their way out along the casting pools, false-casting as they walk and trying occasional preliminary throws before really getting down to business. At the middle pool a man is casting with a tournament rod, a real magnum smoke pole, and two or three people watch as he power casts a 500-grain shooting head 160 feet.

Between him and the clubhouse, casting for accuracy with a conventional dry-



fly rod, is a boy of 13. At this point he is a lifelong habitué and he tournament-casts as another city boy might fly remote-control airplanes, and he casts with uncommon elegance—a high, slow backcast, perfect timing and a forecast that straightens with precision. He seems to overpower very slightly so that the line turns over and hangs an instant in the air to let the leader touch first. He regulates the width of the bow in his line to the inch and at will; when a head wind comes up, he tightens the bow into a perfectly formed, almost beveled, little wind cheater. It is quite beautiful.

Standing beside him, an older man

supports his chin with one hand, hangs his fist in one discolored pocket of a cardigan and looks concerned. From time to time he makes a suggestion; the boy listens, nods and does differently. Like most who offer advice here, the older man has been a world casting champion. When he takes the rod, you see why; the slowness of the backcast approaches mannerism but the bluff is never called; the man's straightening, perfect cast never betrays gravity with a sag.

So the two of them take turns, more or less. The boy does most of the casting, and while one casts facing the pool, the other is turned at right angles to

him watching his style, the angles, loft, timing and speed of his cast.

At this point the boy is already more accurate than the older man and from time to time he lets his backcast drop a little so he can fire a tight bow in, and score—the technical proof of his bravura. But the older man has a way of letting the backcast carry and hang that has moment or something like it. Anyway, the boy sees what it is and when the older man goes inside for breakfast the boy will try what the older man has done—even though it crosses him up and brings the cast down around his ears. It embarrasses him. He looks

continued



around, clears the line, fires it out with an impetuous roll cast and goes back to what he knows.

By this time there are a good many people scattered along the sides of the pools. The group is not quite heterogeneous; and though its members seem less inclined to dressing up than many of San Francisco's citizens, they are not the Silent Majority's wall of flannel, either. To be exact, sartorially, there is no shortage of really thick white socks here, sleeveless V-neck sweaters or brown oxfords. They seem to be fresh out of Cardin suits—not to mention the aberrations of Gerreich, which they have none of at all. The impression, you suppose, is vaguely up-country.

My companion is a superb angler—widely known for it. He is not a member of the club and is inclined to bridle around tournament casters. They remind him of something more housebroken than fishing, and he doesn't like it. He thinks their equipment is too good, and of course it is, largely; and when they

talk about fly lines and shooting heads, getting fussy over fractions of grains of weight, he instinctively feels they are letting the tail wag the dog. Nevertheless, the fisherman has something to be grateful for. Shooting-head lines, now standard steelhead gear, modern techniques of power casting and, in fact, much contemporary thinking about rod design—actions and tapers—have arisen at this small, circumscribed anglers' enclave. Still, it is difficult to imagine a tournament caster who would confess to having no interest at all in fishing—though that is exactly the case with some of them. Somewhat ritualistically, they continue to refer their activities to practical stream craft.

My companion typifies something, too, something anti-imperial in style. Frayed lines and throwaway tackle, a reel with a crude painting on the side of it, brutalized from being dropped on riverside rocks. His rod is missing guides and has been reinforced at butt and ferrule with electricians' tape that, in turn, has achieved a greenish corruption of its own. He is a powerful caster whose special effects are all toward fishing in bad wind and weather. He admits few fishermen into his angling pantheon and, without mercy, divides the duffers into "bait soakers," "yucks" and other categories of opprobrium. Good anglers are "red hots." His solutions to the problems of deteriorating fishing habitat incline toward the clean gestures of the bomb-thrower and the assassin. And that's not all we agree about.

I sit on one of the spectators' benches and chat with a steelhead fisherman about the Skeena drainage in British Columbia. He's been all over that country, caught summer-run fish miles inland that were still bright from salt water. The conversation lags. Another member sits on the bench. "Was anybody ever really held up here?" I ask rather warily. "Sure was," says the man next to me, and turns to the new fellow on the end of the bench. "Who was that?" "Guy that got stuck up?" "Yeah, who was that?" "There were three of them, at different times."

The man next to me turns to me. "It was this guy from Oakland."

The man at the end of the bench isn't interested. The fellow next to me asks him, "Didn't he get pistol-whipped or something?"

"Who's this?"

"The guy from Oakland."

"I don't know. I don't know. I don't know."

The man next to me turns to me again. "I'm not positive," he says with exaggerated care, "but the dry-fly man from Oakland got pistol-whipped unless I've got my signals real crossed."

"Did they take his rod?" I ask somewhat aimlessly. "No."

"His reel or anything?"

"No," he says, "just glommed the wallet and cleared out. It was pretty crummy."

I excuse myself. I have a new Winston tarpon and hillfish fly rod I am anxious to try and I go down to the last pool where a handful of members are casting. I am a little sleepy from the gigantic breakfast they've given me. The club grounds are on an elevation that drops off abruptly behind this last pool. There is a path going down through the heavy tree roots to a little space that looks like the banks of a stream bed. As I strip line from my reel, I notice that there are three people undulating beneath the trees down there. One is a girl wearing Levi's and an Esther Williams total sun-block hat with mirrors hanging from its edges on strings. One of the men seems to be a Lapp. The other is dressed as Buffalo Bill and his semiretorty undulance is more frenzied than that of his companions. Occasionally he hurls *Olaw* and adjusts his enormous cowboy hat with one hand that moves rather cautiously into the uprorn, somehow finding the hat as it goes by on a weird parabolic course of its own. I wonder if he has seen the buffalo paddock.

Presently a girl in ballet costume leads an attractive pony into the clearing, followed by another young man with a light meter and viewing lens hanging around his neck and an enormous Bolex movie camera. He walks right past the girl and heads for us. I can see the huge coated surface of his telephoto lens, blue even at this distance, the shoulder stock of his camera and the knurled turret that seem to be all over it. His approach becomes imposing. He looks put out.

"We're trying to make a movie," he says.

None of us knows what to reply.

"The thing is we're trying to make a movie."



A MAN BEHARRS THE ANCIENT ART

The man next to me inquires, "Would you like us to get out of the way?"

"That's right. I want you to get out of the way."

All of the casters get out of the way. The director is startled. "This will take a few minutes," he says apologetically, wanting us to spot that smile of his now.

At the end of the pool is the Pit. You can climb down into it and it puts you at chest level to the water. It is a very realistic approximation of the actual situation when you are fishing, and any fancy ideas you might develop about your casting when you are on the platform can be quickly weeded out here. My new tarpon and bullfish rod is very powerful and after a couple of hundred casts the epidermis of my thumb slips and a watery blister forms.

I return to the bench. One of the club officials is sitting there. I decide to find out if the Golden Gate outfit is merely exclusive. "It's funny," I say disingenuously, "with as many hippies as this city has, that there aren't any in the club. How's that?"

"They don't ask to join."

Inside the clubhouse, I chat with the membership. They're talking about casting tournaments and fishing—fishing generally and the vanishing fishing of California in particular. They know the problems. These are anglers in an epoch when an American river can be a fire hazard. The older men remember the California fishery when it was the best of them all, the most labyrinthine, the most beautiful. A great river system initiating in the purling high-country streams, the whole thing substantiated by an enormous stable watershed. Now the long, feathery river systems are stubs and even those are squabbled over by Cyclopean maroons who have somehow institutionalized a love of useless dams.

Many of the men standing here today used to haunt the High Sierra and Cascade ranges, overcoming altitude headaches to catch golden trout in the ultraviolet zone. Probably most of them have been primarily steelhead fishermen, though some fish for stripers in San Francisco Bay.

In view of the fact that the movement of people to California in the last few decades may be the biggest population shift in the history of the world, it is amazing the fishery held up so long. But in the last 10 years it has gone off fast. Ironically, it is the greatness of the

fishing lost that probably accounts for the distinction of the Golden Gate Club—it has bred a school of casters who are without any doubt the finest there has even been.

Fishing for sport is itself an act of racial memory, and in places like the Golden Gate Club it moves toward the purer symbolism of tournaments. The old river-spawned fish have been replaced by pellet-fed and planted simulacra of themselves. Now even the latter seem to be vanishing in favor of plastic target rings and lines depicting increments of distance. It's very cerebral.

There has begun to be a feeling among the membership that like muse without the dance, casting without fishing lacks a certain something. And so they are fanatically concerned with the dubious California Water Plan and the rodent ethics and activities of the Army Corps of Engineers. The men sit around a table in the lodge and break out a bottle or two. They seem to be talking about some secret society, and when I listen in I discover they mean those who have bought fishing licenses in the state of California. The men propose to reuse this sleeping giant of two million individuals to keep their ocean rivers from being converted into outdoor water-ski pavilions. But an air of anachronism hovers over them. The Now Generation, The Pepsi People, seem to substantiate the claims of the high-dam builders. It appears to be true that people really would rather go around and around and around behind those Holman-Moody high-torque ski boats with that old drag-strip mush-room-can exhaust whine coming out of tuned headers and the intake whoosh of double four-barrel Rochester carburetors. But maybe some of them will see way down beneath the polyester gel-coated surfaces of their triple-laminated controlled-catalyst slalom skis, the drowned forests of California and the long, stony stripes of old riverbeds.

The Now Generation won't be dropping in today at the Golden Gate Club. Handmade split-cane rods and tapered lines seem a trifle dull. The Fel, the Trinity, the Russian, the Klamath begin to seem in the conversation of these men to be rivers of the mind. The ecology purists imagine the anglers as ghouls who want to hurt the little fish with sharp hooks bidden in chicken feathers. The versions overlap in new permutations of absurdity. In the park I talk with an

incipient futurist who wants to know what difference it makes if the fish are lost since we can already synthesize food anyway, and I think of the high-protein gravel rock climbers carry in plastic tubes for nourishment as our cuisine of tomorrow. Dinner's on the table! Phwah-lait!

"Well," I tell the futurist, "I don't know what to say!"

The members begin to drift out of the lodge and head for the parking lot.

It's sundown in buffalo country.

If you are casting at the far pool you are inclined to switch your eye from time to time toward the underbrush. Did someone move in there?

Why delve into it. This is too agreeable. I put on a sweater in the evening and watch the diehards. The pools have gone silver. The emptiness around the few members who remain seems to make their casting more singular, more eloquent.

The whole place is surrounded by trees. Nobody knows we're in here. **END**



A PLACE TO SIT, TALK AND REMEMBER

So much for old 1970. On to the Sporting New Year with this selected sampler of 1971 resolutions—

I am resolving to keep my weight down, oh, five or six pounds, so I won't have to take it off in spring training. Also, I could put up with winning the MVP Award again. And, as for contract talks, \$100,000 sounds like a nice, round figure: **Boog Powell**, Baltimore Orioles.

I will carry four-leaf clovers and rabbits' feet inside my helmet. And I resolve to stepping out dog bones before I play each game: **Ton Woodeshick**, Philadelphia Eagles.

I will start a Society for the Preservation and Protection of Dugout Water Coolers, Bats and Helmets. Memberships accepted as of Jan. 1. Anyone interested write **Lou Piniella** in care of the Kansas City Royals.



My real resolution is to quit as soon as I can afford it. **Howard Coell**, ABC.

Resolution? I've got three. I resolve to get down to 125 pounds on my mainly grapefruit diet, I resolve to learn German so I can talk to everybody in Munich in 1972, and I resolve to let my hair grow long. Short hair is too boyish: **Debbie Meyer**, 1968 Olympic triple medalist.

I will pray more than I have been praying. I resolve not to let my weight get over 220. I am determined to stay in condition to show **Joe Frazier** is not the true champion. The new year will be complete when I get my crown back. **Muhammad Ali**.

Once I was for a merger of the NBA and ABA. Now I'm against it. I know that it's everybody's wish to get married,

but I resolve that we should have a longer courtship. I courted my wife for five years: **Irv Kosloff**, owner of the Philadelphia 76ers.

I worked all season on this resolution and now I've got it. I resolve to claim **George Blonda** the next time the Oakland Raiders put him on waivers: **Hank Stram**, coach of the Kansas City Chiefs.



I don't have any wine, women and song to give up . . . I resolve to use my time more wisely in 1971. **Willie Lanier**, Kansas City Chiefs.

I resolve to wear a tasteful little nameplate on my lapel at all races next year. You know, so all those people will stop mistaking me for Cary Grant: **Andy Granatelli**, STP racing team.

I don't believe in resolutions. Oh, maybe little ones. Like, I resolve that I won't get excited at games. I won't let the officials bother me too much. I expect to break this resolution at the first game of 1971. **Lofy Driesell**, Maryland basketball coach.



I resolve to ask for a new costume. I'm tired of appearing topless: **Smokie the Bear**.

Well, we lost our first 15 games. Then we won only one of our first 28 games. And I have been known to have my problems with officials. So I resolve that I won't question any calls against my team in the NBA playoffs this season: **Bill**

Fitch, coach of the Cleveland Cavaliers.

Last year I resolved to retire as a driver and I did it. Now I resolve to develop a really important new vehicle—a special motorcycle. This one will race across the rooftops of all those cars on the L.A. freeways: **Dan Gurney**.

I'm not giving up anything. I'm having too much fun now. I resolve to keep all the vices I've got: **Rod Gilbert**, New York Rangers.

I will cut down on my smoking. I am going to cut from two packs to one pack per game. Unless we go to the Super Bowl in which case I resolve to go from two to four packs per game: **Len Tose**, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles.



We leave old Connie Mack Stadium in January for the new \$50 million stadium in South Philadelphia. So I resolve never to lose another game in old Connie Mack Stadium: **Bill Giles**, Philadelphia Phillies executive.

We set an NHL record last season with 24 tie games. I resolve never again to give my husband a tie for Christmas: **Mrs. Ed Snider**, wife of the owner of the Philadelphia Flyers.

The rest of me is fine, but my right arm told me never to resolve that I will win 20 games or save 50. **Dick Selma**, Philadelphia Phillies relief pitcher.

Every New Year I resolve not to go through what I went through the year before. This time, I resolve to produce a hit record and become just as big a knockout in show busi-

ness as in boxing: **Joe Frazier**, NBA world heavyweight champion.

Dick doesn't make resolutions. Why should he? Nobody knows what they are going to do from one day to the next: **Mrs. Era Allen**, mother of **Richie**.

I resolve to quit smoking in 1971. This is the 901st time I have made this resolution: **Dave McNally**, Baltimore Orioles.

Listen: I make a lot of New Year resolutions, but the guys who play for me keep making me break them. As for bad habits, my only bad habit is losing **Rick Forzano**, Navy football coach.

I resolve never to let the mid-length skirt invade tennis: **Marilyn Fernberger**, Philadelphia, pro tennis promoter.

We lost 23 straight games to Baltimore, including 12 in 1970. I resolve that we are going to beat the Orioles more often in 1971: **Cedric Tallis**, general manager of the Kansas City Royals.

I resolve never to spend another sleepless night worrying about whether we win or lose. But it won't work. I'll be awake at night all next season: **Frank Lucchesi**, Philadelphia Phillies manager.



Je promets de commencer l'entraînement de jeunes coureurs de ski américains. Alors, ça va, peut-être un jour ils arriveront à battre les Français, non? **Jean-Claude Killy**, trois médailles d'or, 1968.

Resolved—I don't like this dumb hot, ether: **Smokie the Bear**.

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Martin Dunn: It was an extremely satisfying experience to spend 3 rather brief periods using the Arm and end to it knowing that my wrist, big end (girth) measurements had decreased by a total of more than 10 inches.

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Big Mac fills a tall order

Jun McDaniels is an improbable giant. He plays center, naturally, but also forward and sometimes guard. He is, says Coach John Oldham of Western Kentucky, a "rounder," meaning that McDaniels would just as soon fire away from 25 feet as score easily from underneath. The scouts say he will play pro ball at forward, where his size (7 feet) and outside touch would add a new dimension to any team.

The scouts and practically everybody else in Louisville were out in force last Wednesday night when Western took on Jacksonville in Louisville's Freedom Hall, and they saw McDaniels at his all-court best. Both teams were unbeaten and ranked among the nation's top 10, but the main attraction was the matchup between McDaniels and a more conventional—and more famous—giant, Jacksonville's 7' 2" Artis Gilmore. An imposing intimidator, with a satanic beard and an Afro as wide as the foul lane, Gilmore outscored, outrebounded and outplayed McDaniels last season when the Dolphins buried the Hilltoppers 109-96 in the first round of the NCAA tournament. That loss had stuck in McDaniels' craw all summer. "I'm just going to lay it on the line," he said before the rematch. "I can't see that much difference between Gilmore and me. And I think we can beat them."

Big Mac, as his teammates call McDaniels, could not have been more present. Nor could he have been more of an avenger. The Hilltoppers, beautifully prepared and playing at their peak, upset the Dolphins 87-84. More surprising, McDaniels did everything with Gilmore but stuff him through the hoop. He outscored the taller man 46-29 and blocked at least four of his close-in shots. As one scout said, "Tonight McDaniels' contract went up \$100,000."

Western was serious about the game, so serious that the players asked Oldham to let them go to Louisville a day early so they could get in a workout on the Freedom Hall floor. Jacksonville was more casual. The Dolphins did not arrive in Louisville until noon on the day

of the game; they did not elect to work out, and in their warmups they seemed cocky and careless. Said Western's Clarence Glover, whose 14 rebounds had a lot to do with the outcome, "They seemed to be taking us pretty lightly."

Oldham had felt that faulty intelligence had contributed in part to Western's loss last March, so he sent Assistant Jim Richards to scout no fewer than three of Jacksonville's first five games this season. Richards reported that Jacksonville could be beaten if its breakneck tempo were slowed and a 1-2-2 zone defense were used, a defense that would keep Glover and McDaniels close to the boards and Gilmore away.

Early on it was apparent that McDaniels was ready for one of his finer efforts. Getting wide open off packs usually set by Glover, he hit his first six shots, all but one of them jumpers from eight to 20 feet away, to give Western a 16-14 lead.

Meanwhile the 1-2-2 defense was working perfectly. Whenever Gilmore came near the basket he either was called for traveling or had his shot slapped back in his face by McDaniels. About the only offense Jacksonville could muster came from little Vaughn Wedeking's long, arching bombs.

Early in the second half Jacksonville put Gilmore on McDaniels, and that was pure disaster. First McDaniels powered over Gilmore for a layup on a fast break. Then he began to drive around him, shoot over him and totally dominate him. With 15:46 left, McDaniels got the ball 20 feet from the basket, turned around to look Gilmore in the eye and fired in another jump shot. Gilmore fouled him on the play, and when McDaniels made his free throw Western had a 57-44 lead.

To its credit, Jacksonville did not give up. The Dolphins pulled within seven points late in the game and were behind only 86-77 when McDaniels fouled out with 2:51 remaining. But Oldham put in four guards—all hall handlers—and the Dolphins were forced to foul. The Hilltoppers made their free throws.

On the Western bench, with only seconds left, McDaniels threw a long arm around Oldham, who was still looking grim, and said, "What's the matter? Aren't you happy?" They both laughed.

The final statistics showed that McDaniels had hit on 20 of 29 shots and equaled a career-high 46 points. He also got 11 rebounds. "I was playing on pride, man, nothing but pride," he said.

Big Mac had been contacted by several pro teams before the season began but elected to return to Western, finish his career and get his degree. The latter is genuinely important to McDaniels, who comes from an underprivileged family in Scottsville, Ky., about 25 miles from Bowling Green. He went to a one-room, all-black school through the first eight grades and had so much catching up to do that his high school grades were too low for admission to many colleges. Everybody in his home town predicted that McDaniels would never make it academically. "Now I'm going to take that degree back home and wave it at a few folks," says McDaniels with a grin. Eventually McDaniels wants to be a social worker, preferably in a big-city ghetto. "I want to work with black kids," he says, "and say, 'Hey, I got my college degree, you can do it, too, and you don't have to be a basketball player, either.' You know, only a few years ago I was shining shoes in Scottsville for 20¢ a pair. Now sometimes I get my shoes shined."

THE WEEK

by JOE JAROS

SOUTH Vanderbilt Coach Roy Skinner warned all who would listen that this was not the usual head-and-Mississippi basketball team they were facing. Johnny Neumann, the 6' 6" sophomore out of Memphis, is "as good as you've heard of," said Skinner, and Vandy Scout Wayne Dehbs added, "He just might be the best player I've ever seen." Neumann let neither Vandy see down. Hitting from far out or getting free close in, he ended up with 53 points and set three Memorial Gymnasium scoring records, but Vanderbilt was a winner anyway, 130-112.

Two other men who specialize in wearing out nets, Rich Yankus of Georgia Tech

continued

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and John Mengelt of Auburn, met in Birmingham, and the 6' 9" Yinkus won the point total 33-22 and his team the game 87-76. Kentucky had defeated three Big Ten teams before it ran into so-so Purdue in the final of the Kentucky Invitational. There the Boilermakers ignored their 3rd record and knocked off the Wildcats 89-83. It was UK's first loss at home since late 1948.

Surprising North Carolina State slugged Davidson with its first defeat 77-64, as Ed Leftwich scored nine points in 79 seconds and Paul Coder made six baskets in the last 10 minutes. The Wolfpack also took the Big Four Tournament, beating North Carolina 82-70 and Wake Forest 73-70.

Tennessee ran its streak to six by murdering road-weary Oregon State 89-61.

1. S. CAROLINA (8-0) 2. W. KENTUCKY (7-0)

EAST St. John's, talented but inexperienced got caught by Boston College and its hot guard, Jim O'Brien, who scored 26 points in a 69-66 win.

New Fordham Coach Digger Phelps, who as an assistant helped build strong Penn, must be wondering what is so tough about being a head man. His Rams have won their first eight games, nine against top-20 teams, however. The latest victims were Miami (Fla.) 85-83 and Florida 72-65.

St. Bonaventure, undefeated in six games, lost some and rebounding star Matt Gantt for six weeks and maybe the season. He is suffering from pericarditis, a virus condition in the heart area.

Lowly Brown made it two straight over Yale in two weeks, 79-66 and 78-72, the first time since 1911 that the Bruins have beaten the Bulldogs twice in a season. Julius Erving scored 27 points and took 20 rebounds, just about normal for him, as Massachusetts beat Connecticut 74-68, and Penn rallied La Salle 107-88.

1. PENN (8-0) 2. VILLANOVA (8-1)

MIDWEST Marquette Coach Al McGuire loves to live up road trips. If he has nothing to fuss about he will invent an issue. What set him off against North Texas State in Dallas was the supposed inexperience of the Missouri Valley Conference referees assigned to the game. Marquette won 67-57, and McGuire's personal tally read: two technical fouls, one wounded student and a startled sports rater. McGuire aimed a kick at a water bottle but got team manager Tom Tierman instead. A ricocheting empty ball rack got the writer and McGuire. Life was less hectic back home, where the Warriors shot over disappointing Long Beach State and won 83-66.

Houston, St. Joseph's, Villanova and host Kansas had a combined 17-2 record going into the Jayhawk Classic, so it figured to

be a tough four-way scrap. Instead, Kansas won easily, beating St. Joe's 80-65 and Houston 89-73. Villanova beat St. Joe's 85-75 for third place, but it lost its important game to Houston 99-84. In the championship final the Jayhawks' 6' 10" Roger Brown had his finest game, with 21 points and 23 rebounds. "Brown intimidated us like no has since Alcinder," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis. Away from the corn stalks, Kansas lost to Louisville 87-75.

Drake ran its record to 8-0 by beating Canisius 87-74 in the opening round of the Queen City Classic Saturday night. It was the best start ever for the Bulldogs, who also won the Texas Classic by beating Texas-Arlington and TCU and then came home to blast Minnesota 83-66. Said Coach Maury John after the Minnesota victory: "I liked everything and everybody tonight."

Nebraska won its own Cornhusker Classic by giving Colorado State its first loss in the final 69-65. George McGinnis scored 38 points as Indiana rolled over poor Butler 111-94.

1. MARQUETTE (8-0) 2. ORAKE (8-0)

WEST North Carolina arrived in Salt Lake City as the second-best offensive team among the nation's major colleges and made close to 80% of its field-goal attempts in the first half against Utah. But the Tar Heels lost when the Rammin' Redskins shot pretty well themselves, applied intense man-to-man pressure in the second half and loped away 105-86.

Michigan State ended New Mexico's winning streak at seven by double-teaming Center Willie Long, keeping the ball away from sharpshooter John Johnson and taking its chances with the rest. The Spartans came from behind by scoring 17 straight points and won 73-69. Later the Lobos hung on against New Mexico State for a 72-69 victory.

USC ran its record to 7-0 with an outlandishly easy victory over Alabama 122-75. "We're just a year older and a year better," said Trojan Coach Bob Boyd, whose team is dominated by juniors. UCLA had little trouble knocking off Missouri 94-75 and St. Louis 79-65, but something about the Bruins did not seem quite right. "We appear to have an inability this season to fire up for teams that our players subconsciously feel we should beat easily," said Coach John Wooden. UCLA should be quite excited come the USC game in February.

Only 312 fans turned out at San Jose Civic Auditorium to see Pacific edge San Jose State 74-68. Pepperdine beat NYU 88-84 for its fourth victory against no losses. Phil Vukacovich quit as coach at USF and was replaced by Freshman Coach Bob Gatland.

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. USC (7-0)

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To the tune of a hickory (well, ash) stick

Readin', 'ritin' and 'rhythmic—and baseball. That is the curriculum at a revolutionary school in Florida where the Kansas City Royals are striving to turn good football and tennis players into baseball champions

They laughed when Ewing Kauffman, the rookie owner of the Kansas City Royals, announced to an unwelcome baseball world that he would build an academy devoted to the development of young major-leaguers. They laughed, too, when Judge Roy Hofbein mentioned something about a stadium with a roof. But Houston's Astrodome was built, and the Royals' Baseball Academy is now well launched and functioning handsomely in Sarasota, Fla. So far it has cost Ewing Kauffman more than \$1½ million, and one day they—baseball's entrenched conservatives—are going to have to stop laughing.

From the road the Royals' academy looks no different from any of the hundreds of small-business developments that have sprung up on the west coast of Florida during the last 15 years. Two white, flat-roofed buildings crouch low under the hot sun and, at a distance, could be taken for fruit-processing plants or computer-card countinghouses. But in back of those buildings are five new baseball diamonds, each built to the specifications of the field that will sit inside the \$43 million domed stadium scheduled to open in Kansas City in 1972.

As early as 6 a.m. the 39 students selected for the academy are up and getting ready for their day's business. As night falls, many of them still can be found in the batting cages working on hitting flaws or throwing baseballs up against the front walls of handball courts to sharpen their fielding techniques. Five months from now the majority of the first class at the academy will be playing as a team in the Gulf Coast League in Florida, one of three rookie leagues in professional baseball. Like the Appalachian and Pioneer Leagues, the Gulf Coast starts as soon as colleges let out and runs through a 66-game schedule. Unlike the other teams playing in rookie leagues, however, the Kansas City team will not be made up of the top draft choices or college All-Americans produced in 1970-71. The Royals'

team will be composed of many youngsters aged 17, 18 and 19 who were chosen primarily for their athletic ability—their strength, their speed and coordination, their proven desire to succeed—and not for their past experience in baseball. Many of the young Royals did not even play the game in high school.

The new Royals are pioneers much in the sense the astronauts were, and they will be watched almost as closely. Once they take the field in the Gulf Coast League, scouts from all other major league clubs will be on hand to see what the academy has been able to teach its first class. Should the academy produce what scouts call "prospects," some of the other teams might even consider following Kauffman's lead.

The idea for a baseball academy came to Kauffman not long after he had bought the expansion Royals in 1968 and had carefully scrutinized what the brotherhood of owners had done for him. For the exquisite privilege of paying \$175,000 per head, Kauffman received 30 players who, he noted, occasionally

could be counted on to catch a thrown ball. Kauffman, at 52, already knew something about expansion franchises. He is a native Kansas Citian, which means that for 13 seasons he, like the rest, had remained remarkably temperate while watching the local version of a major league club lose anywhere from 90 to 100 games a year. Although Kauffman was happy to get the Kansas City franchise, he was aware that the restless citizens were not going to dump buckets of money into his lap merely to see teams play .400 ball forever.

As a young pharmaceutical salesman, Kauffman decided he could make more money by manufacturing products than by pushing them. From a start in his mother's basement, with an investment of \$4,500, he built Marion Laboratories into a firm that is presently valued at \$166 million. Kauffman, in other words, knew a little something about getting ahead, and after scouting the possibilities of what could be done to improve his team, he was not exactly overjoyed with his prospects. "Even before we drafted those 30 players at \$175,000 each we



ROYALS OWNER EWING KAUFFMAN LECTURES FIRST CLASS AT HIS BASEBALL COLLEGE

had put \$300,000 into scouting," he said. "I was only beginning to understand how truly complex a business baseball could be. But I wanted to bring Kansas City a winner in the quickest possible way. It became apparent to me that there were only four ways in which we could get better players, and not one of them was going to do us much good."

The four methods were the free-agent draft; the minor league draft, at which all but 40 players belonging to each club are offered for sale at \$25,000 each; trades and buying players from other teams.

"In the free-agent draft," Kauffman says, "just about every club has nearly the same chance, so there is no advantage. The minor league draft does not provide many prospects. [Only eight players were selected from about 1,500 in 1970.] To trade well you have to be either lucky or have a lot of players other teams want. Money? It doesn't do that much for you. I tried to buy Reggie Jackson from Charlie Finley for \$1 million, and I offered him \$3 million for four of his players. He turned me down on both deals. The only thing I did do was go outside the normal baseball avenues open to us and try to find better players."

Kauffman's original idea was to go only after boys who had seldom played baseball and to make the Sarasota development into an athletic version of a Marine boot camp. By last winter, when the search for talent began, it was decided that anybody who was dying to go to Parris Island probably would be bored with baseball and academic training—which was another facet of the Kauffman plan—and it was decided further that just because a boy had tossed around a baseball once was no reason for excluding him. Syd Thrift, a one-time Pittsburgh Pirate scout, was appointed director.

In February, Thrift asked high school coaches around the country to nominate boys who might want to attend the academy. In June and July, tryout camps were set up in 41 states, attracting 7,682 athletes. Among the boys who survived and were invited to school are a former New Mexico high school wrestling champion, a two-time Missouri high school sprint champion, a pole vaulter from Wichita State, a boy who played no high

school baseball at all but excelled in bowling and weight lifting and a quarterback from Topeka who set his school's record in the javelin throw.

Many of the students were baseball players, however—good ones. Orestes (Minnie) Minoso-Arrieta is only one of those, but because his father is the durable and exciting Minnie who played for 15 seasons in the majors and compiled a .299 lifetime batting average young Minnie has drawn a lot of attention. When asked recently what kind of a chance he thought he had to make it to the majors, he said, "I have a 100% chance. I'm learning things at the academy that are going to help me get there a lot faster than other kids."

The students accepted at the academy must take 12 hours of credits at nearby Marquette Junior College, which is co-educational. So much for Parris Island. Among other things, Kauffman wants them to learn enough about business and public relations to insure that they will not lose their shirts in investments he expects them to make with the money they earn from baseball. Each morning the player-students pile on a bus and go off to school. They return to the academy for lunch and then go out to play and learn baseball. The baseball faculty consists of two former major league managers, Johnny Neun and Jim Lemon; Steve Korecheck, a catcher for the Washington Senators from 1954-59 and later baseball coach at George Washington; Bill Easton, the onetime University of Kansas track coach; Wes Santee, the famous miler; and former major-leaguer Chuck Stobbs.

The academy opened Aug. 10, and Thrift is encouraged by the youngsters' development. "I believe that when these boys go into the Gulf Coast League 80% of them will do well," he says. "For one thing, they get 30 minutes of live hitting every day, and that doesn't go on anywhere else in baseball. We believe we can do as much here to help an athlete along as anywhere else in sports. And certainly more than anywhere else in baseball."

On a bulletin board in the hallway of the main dorm at the academy is a rating chart. Some of the categories: producing sacrifice flies, swinging to and a player in a steal, aiding the runner while in the on-deck circle, signs and pick-

offs. There are no batting averages. Each student has been asked to try switch hitting, and those who find it comfortable press forward with it. Running speed is constantly being tested at a distance of 60 yards, and the majority of players now cover the ground in seven seconds or less, an average figure for major league players.

Before starting the tryouts, the Royals tested some 150 professional players to find out their physical attributes. The results of this study of abilities helped in selecting candidates for the school and in judging their progress. The instructors, in fact, feel they have a better line on their players than most scouts ever do, if for no other reason than that their boys appear in a lot more games than most prospects.

"At the academy we really believe we can put our boys over many hurdles without having them discouraged at an early stage," says Thrift. "In the time we have been at the academy we have noted tremendous changes in individuals from month to month. The fear of failure is the biggest hurdle of all for an athlete, and if we can get him over that, it would be something."

Aside from two years of junior college education, including room, board and books, a student at the academy receives \$100 a month for the first 90 days; \$150 for the next 90 days and then \$200 up to the time the Gulf Coast League opens. He may stay in the academy two years.

Walter Shannon, the director of scouting for the Baltimore Orioles, paid a visit to the academy and said, "I'm excited about it. It's the type of forward thinking in player development that has been needed, and the ideas and results that will come out of there are things that could change many of the ideas people have held on to for perhaps too long a period of time."

Kauffman is convinced that his idea will work and the day will come when a world championship team made up of graduates of the academy will take the field for Kansas City. In August, when Kauffman spoke to his first class, he told the players, "The eyes of the baseball world are on you. When you succeed, the other 23 clubs are going to try the same method. They will be so far behind they will never catch up." **END**

An armored force is on the march



If you didn't get an armadillo for Christmas, just relax. You might wake up tomorrow morning and discover one in your backyard

To say that hordes of armadillos are creeping inexorably toward Connecticut may be putting the situation into stronger terms than is called for. However, thousands of the football-sized creatures have already crossed the Mississippi River, some possibly by walking on the bottom of it, and have wandered down into Florida and as far northeast as the Carolinas, with only their distaste for prolonged cold weather to keep them out of the gladiola beds of the Apawamis Country Club in Westchester County.

At the same time that armadillos are spreading out from their Southwestern habitat, they are also sweeping the country as an ambiguous symbol. Young people wearing armadillo T-shirts may be seen from Tucson to Buffalo. There is an Armadillo Commune outside Atlanta, and a group identified as the Armadillo Rodeo travels the land in an old school

which is a painting by Underground Artist Jim Franklin of armadillos in cosmic quantity.

Exactly why armadillos are taking hold as a youth symbol is a matter for speculation. Armadillos are paranoid little beasts who prefer to mind their own business. They love to sleep all day, then roam and eat all night. They are gentle, keep their noses in the grass and share their homes with others. Perhaps most significant, they are weird-looking, unfairly maligned and often picked on, and have developed a hard shell and a distinctive aroma. They do far more good than harm, and yet the usual social reaction toward an armadillo is to attempt to destroy it.

"We get lots of calls from people who are panicked because they've seen an armadillo in their yard," says Dennis Russell, a biologist with the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. "They want

sical Roman helmet. In different versions, the armadillo ranges throughout South and Central America and up through the heart of Mexico, or anywhere the climate is warm and there is water enough. About 100 years ago the armadillo population of the U.S. was restricted to southwestern Texas, where a giant armadillo ancestor called the Glyptodon prowled in prehistory when that area was a swamp. Since then, armadillos have steadily expanded their territory despite being constantly slaughtered by ranchers, souvenir salesmen, meat hunters and their most deadly unnatural enemy—the automobile.

Farmers and ranchers blame the armadillo for destroying crops and poking the country with dangerous holes, although it may be argued that armadillos do away with more pests than crops and the holes they dig are good for aerating the soil. Armadillo shells once were popular as baskets and lampshades, a fad the animal has outlasted. For years people in South Texas have hunted the armadillo for its meat, considering it as good a sport as hunting quail. The meat tastes quite a bit like pork. During the Depression, the armadillo was called "the Hoover hog." In one Southwestern city there is a Tex-Mex restaurant famed for his tamales. Wrapped in corn shucks, toes of them are served at catered parties. The tamales are stuffed with a mixture of beef, pork and armadillo meat. The meat is perfectly good, of course, although the tamale maker doesn't mention its source. He buys the armadillos from kids who capture them in the fields, paying up to a dollar for a 15-pound adult male.

One thing that works against armadillos is that they are fairly easy to catch and very easy to shoot. When not alarmed, the armadillo usually has its nose to the ground, sniffing for food, and sees only what is directly in front of its claws. It is not much of a coup to approach an armadillo from the rear



bus. A stone sculptor in Comfort, Texas is whacking out a 600-pound statue of an armadillo for a rock music palace and community center called Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin, also the home of Armadillo Productions. Armadillo Press is across town, and there is an Armadillo Comics, an organization named the Armadillo Breeders Association, at least one Armadillo Racing Association, and Shiva's Headband has recorded *Homerick Armadillo Blues* in its new album, the jacket of

to know what to do. I could say to shoot them, but that's too dangerous in the city. If I suggested poison, people would kill all the dogs and children in the neighborhood. Most people don't know how to use traps. So I just say to try to live with them."

The armadillo looks something like an armored aardvark. It has a long, sensitive snout and large, delicate, pebbled ears that have been compared to the grain of Morocco leather, and its body is encased in a bony structure like a clas-

and grab it by the tail, although the armadillo then will swing around in a sudden motion that wrenches itself free from inexperienced hands, meanwhile firing off an odor that tends to discourage pursuit. The next move for the armadillo is to dig or to run. "An armadillo can stand on its nose and disappear," says Paul Crume, *Dallas Morning News* columnist and member of the Armadillo Breeders Association. If running is the choice, the armadillo is amazingly quick. It likes to double back rapidly and plunge into the nearest thorn thicket, saved by its armor.

Armadillos enjoy water and have a rather interesting option when it comes to traveling across a pond or stream. With great gulps of air, the armadillo can pump up its stomach and intestines so that it floats like a rubber duck and then can paddle along indefinitely. Or the armadillo can simply walk into water, trudge across the bottom and emerge on the other side with its shell streaming and its ears twitching, a sight that has confounded fishermen from time to time.

Many people have made pets out of armadillos. The animals never learn to do tricks like dogs and do not become affectionate, being as single-minded as bankers and suspicious as actors. But they are quite willing to have their ears scratched while they dunk their tongues into a bucket of worms, which are then crushed by peglike molars. Taking an armadillo for a walk on a leash is tricky, since the armadillo is inclined to start digging or, if on a concrete sidewalk, head like a windup toy for the nearest wall or dark corner. Franklin, the artist, frequently has a pet armadillo scribbling around his studio, but he releases it after a few weeks. "They start getting very depressed," he says.

Although they have the appearance

of ageless creatures, armadillos live only four years or so. Females spend roughly half their lives pregnant, the gestation period lasting nine months, and nearly always give birth to four babies of the same sex with the same configuration of scales and identical numbers of hairs. It is common for armadillos to share their burrows with rabbits, skunks and snakes. They sometimes dine on small reptiles and lizards.

The armadillo likes to make his home under a berry bush and is more than willing to rid a place of all the spiders, beetles, worms, crickets, scorpions, ants and termites that can be located by an extremely sensitive nose. A grub six inches underground is not hidden from an armadillo. On hot nights it is not unusual to hear an armadillo grunting and huffing in the yard as he claws headfirst into a buried colony of termites.

Although most people in the United States have never seen an armadillo and consider them exotic creatures, the roads of the Southwest are strewn with their carcasses in the summer, when armadillos are roving in search of food and water. Upon being suddenly frightened by the passing of a car, the armadillo has a habit of leaping up—thus bashing itself to death against the undercarriage. Coyotes, dogs and wild pigs kill armadillos by flipping them over and ripping out their stomachs before the armadillos can curl into a ball. But once inside a hole, the armadillo inflates its armor, wedges itself into the earth and is all but impossible to pull loose.

The armadillo began being used as a symbol a few years ago when *Texes Ranger*, the student humor magazine at the University of Texas, ran a photo on its cover of an armadillo on a platter at Thanksgiving. Bill Helmer, a former editor of *Texes Ranger* who



is now an editor at *Playboy*, says they had nothing special in mind. "We just thought it was funny," he says. Others agreed. Gilbert Shelton, an esteemed underground comic artist, drew armadillos for *Texes Ranger*, and Glenn Whitehead did a famous *Ranger* strip called "The Dance of the Armadillos," showing two of the creatures in graceful ballet cups. Somehow, that strip was remindful of the time a hurricane tore apart a summer home on Long Island. In the surf the next day the grand piano was found, with a stuffed armadillo perched on top.

Now if a hardy armadillo scout seers the threat of winter—against which its shell affords little protection—and is seen trotting across a fairway in a Manhattan suburb, nosing along on the trail of an insect, there is no reason to be frightened. Not only is the armadillo likely to be of some benefit to the neighborhood, both conversationally and as a pest remover, the animal also has reached high station as another sort of symbol, for it has a certain kind of status apart from that conferred on it by youth. A Christmas catalogue of Neiman-Marcus has offered for sale a "registered" armadillo, delivered live with a ribbon around its neck, for \$96.

END





Unlike the Kings and the Seals, Bob Breitbard's Gulls are not West Coast major-leaguers. But they have made San Diego's hockey fans...

A not so silent minority

There are aficionados aplenty in San Diego, a sun-drenched, smogless, fogless town on the California coast only a bull's throw from downtown Tijuana. But the aficionados there don't care much for the *corrión*; they're hockey fans, and because of them the San Diego Gulls are occupying one of the most prosperous franchises in all of professional hockey.

So far this season the Gulls have averaged nearly 9,500 for each of their Western Hockey League home games at the San Diego International Sports Arena, easily outdrawing the two major league teams in Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay area. This is nothing new. In 1966-67, for instance, the smallest crowd for a home game in San Diego was as large as the average crowd in Los Angeles. In 1968-69 the average crowd in San Diego—9,166—was twice the size of the average crowd in Oakland. Last year, despite the fact that the Los Angeles and Oakland teams padded their attendance figures, the Gulls still outdrew them easily.

Why, then, doesn't Bob Breitbard, the

owner of the Gulls, apply to the NHL for a franchise in San Diego? "Well, we've got a pretty good thing going here," says Breitbard, "so why should we ruin it? We make a lot of money on minor league hockey, and we'd only price ourselves right out of the market if we bought an NHL franchise." What Breitbard means is that he does not consider an NHL franchise worth the \$10 million it would cost him to join the big boys.

Breitbard, who was born and raised in San Diego and made his money in the laundry business, also owns the San Diego Rockets of the National Basketball Association. He admits that he loses money on the basketball operation (the Gulls draw 2,500 more fans per game than the Rockets) but claims, with reverse logic, that the NBA's "nationwide exposure" makes the loss worthwhile. Most San Diegans believe this is simply doubletalk for the fact that Breitbard is a basketball fan first and a hockey fan only second. Says Breitbard himself: "I've got to be careful not to get myself between the two teams. I can't have Wal-

ter Kennedy and the NBA mad at me, and I don't want the hockey people mad at me, either."

Breitbard's hockey team arrived in San Diego in 1966, some 17 years after the city's former hockey team, the San Diego Sky Hawks, had folded. The beautiful new sports arena was being made ready, and since the Rockets were not even in existence the Gulls had San Diego pretty much to themselves. The arena is one of Breitbard's favorite subjects.

"We built the thing backwards," he says. "We told the seating people to give us their best seat plan, and then we hired a few draftsmen and told them to design a shell around the seats. We felt all along that good sight lines were more important than a lot of frills." If Breitbard's arena was built backwards, then all sports arenas should be built that way, for the \$6.3 million structure is a superior facility. The spectator who pays \$2.50 for a general-admission ticket to a Gulls game has a far better view than the spectator who pays \$8.50 for a reserved seat in Madison Square Garden.

But it was obvious even to this enthusiast that a new arena alone was not enough to sell hockey in San Diego, so Breitbard and his staff got to work peddling the virtues of a sport most people in San Diego knew little or nothing about. Max McNab, the Gulls' coach and general manager, immersed himself in a junior hockey program for the city, and in only four years the number of boys competing in the various leagues multiplied six times.

Meanwhile, Ron Oakes, the voice of the Gulls, touted his team as the equal of any club in the NHL. "Our first year we had to play our first 13 games on the road because the arena was not finished," Oakes says. "We only won two of those games, but when we finally came home the people poured out to meet us. They had listened to the broadcasts and, well, they just thought we were the unluckiest team anywhere. Actually, I think we were lucky to win the two games that we did."

To put the Gulls across, Reed Nessel, the public-relations chief, used all of the standard tricks plus inventing a few of his own. The Gulls have Family Night every Sunday, when the wife and kids get in for a reduced rate, and then, after the game, the entire fam-

ily is invited to skate for an hour. Every night they have a Puck Shoot, in which two fans try to shoot a puck from the two blue lines through an eight-inch hole into a goal. If the fan succeeds from the near blue line, he wins \$100. If he makes the goal from the far blue line, he wins \$1,000.

Wednesday night is Ladies' Night and every night is Military Night, with service personnel permitted to buy general-admission tickets at half price. All over San Diego local businesses give away hockey instructional booklets, hockey sticks, pens, letter openers and pucks supplied by the Gulls. Almost every fan at a Gulls home game wears a button saying "WE'RE GULLIES OR GULL WATCHERS SOCIETY," and there are Gull banners hung throughout the sports arena.

Perhaps the most important promotional effort undertaken by the Gulls, though, is the club's speaking program. "We'll go to a breakfast at 7 a.m. or to a cocktail party at 9 p.m. if they'll let us talk about the Gulls," says McNab, whose players make some 250 personal appearances every season in their attempts to sell hockey. "You don't mind it at all," says Irv Spencer, a Gulls defenseman who played for three teams in the NHL. "The people are interested. They haven't heard about the game, and they listen to what you say. They don't think they know it all."

Of all the Gulls' players, only Jack Evans, a 42-year-old defenseman who played for 14 years in the NHL, really has a reputation in hockey. The rest, players such as Jack McCurtan (the goalie who led the U.S. Olympic team to a gold medal in 1960), Willie O'Ree (one of the few black men in the game), John Musruk, Alan (Boom-Boom) Caron, Billy McNeill and Allan Nicholson, were never quite fast enough or smart enough or, in most cases, tough enough to play regularly in the NHL.

Although Breitbard and his staff seem to realize there is a great difference in National and Western League hockey, the people of San Diego think the Gulls could be the Stanley Cup champions if they were allowed to play against the NHL. "We've never had an NHL team play in our building, and we don't plan to schedule any exhibitions against NHL teams," Breitbard says. "If we lose badly, like 9-1, then our fans might leave us. So we're not going to risk anything like that right now."

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La Vie en Rose



by Alfred Wright

When it comes to viewing life through rose-colored glasses, no one beats the people who put on Pasadena's splendiferous New Year's parade. Its modern princesses (opposite) are no less wholesome than the belles of yesteryear, and TV is wild about the show

CONTINUED



There are those who have spent a lifetime in Pasadena, Calif. anticipating New Year's Day in the same way that the wheat field regards the oncoming swarm of locusts. The urge is to cut and run. Most of the locals, however, await the holiday with a blend of eagerness, pride, joy, hospitality, self-sacrifice, chauvinism and a little greed at the thought that a million and a half visitors (a convenient figure everyone has accepted for years) will inch their way along the freeways and up Fair Oaks Avenue and down Linda Vista and across San Pasqual and finally shoehorn themselves into position along a five-mile stretch of Orange Grove Boulevard and Colorado Boulevard to watch the parade.

For the first 60 years or so the parade was just the parade, a community ego-builder and something to keep the children entertained during the morning until it was time for Daddy to go to the East-West football game at Tournament Park and, in later years, down in the Arroyo Seco, where they had built the Rose Bowl. About 20 years ago television discovered the parade, and now it is the biggest TV show in the world; two hours of super living color for more than 100 million pairs of eyes watching on two coast-to-coast networks and in Canada and Mexico, by Telstar in Puerto Rico and South America, by video tape in Japan and, for some reason, by TV film in France and Spain. The number of people who would like to sponsor one of the 60 floats in the parade would stretch all the way to Albuquerque. And to show you how magnanimous Pasadena is, nobody except the television people makes any serious money out of the parade.

Pasadena is more a fantasy than a city anyway. In the minds of Ohio and Alabama, Pasadena is a football stadium called the Rose Bowl that fills up once a year. John O'Hara people think it is an expanse of interconnecting country clubs filled with Yalies in Brooks Brothers shirts and Junior Leaguers in tweeds and cardigans. All drinking martinis and divorcing each other. Hollywood, which is only half an hour away, thinks Pasadena is somewhere on Long Island

and is inhabited largely by polo ponies and guys named Wainwright Stuyvesant III. Bob Hope's audience thinks Pasadena is a 78-room mansion owned by a little old lady in tennis shoes who drives a 1912 Baker Electric. The guys named Wainwright Stuyvesant III think Pasadena is getting to be a city of nothing but dentists and car salesmen. There is a little bit of truth in all of this.

At 8:40 on the nose each New Year's morning, the Pasadena City College Lancer Band, 154 strong, and simply stunning in their white uniforms modeled after those of the West Point cadets, starts up Orange Grove Boulevard from in front of an equally white fortress called Tournament House that used to be the winter home of William Wrigley Jr., the man responsible for putting wads of Juicy Fruit on the soles of countless millions of marching shoes. In the days when Wrigley and his family occupied this pectenitious blockhouse, Orange Grove Avenue, as it was then called, was bordered for two miles on either side with equally expensive atrocities built by the Middle Western aristocrats of speedometers, beer, cigarettes and other recent fortunes. Naturally, the avenue was dubbed "millionaires' row." Each winter these people parked their private Pullmans on the sidings of the Santa Fe station on



Chrysler's eagle float awaits finishing floral touches



Exotic equestriennes are among the parade's many riders.

South Raymond and thus gave Pasadena an undesired reputation for style and wealth. All but two of those houses are gone now, the victims of taxes, and the Wrigley place was donated to the city of Pasadena for the Tournament of Roses Association, the tax-exempt legacy of a gaudier age. Now, as the parade begins, every square inch of the wide expanse of Wrigley's front lawn is hidden by the litter of hundreds of bodies who have camped there overnight, restlessly awaiting the glorious pageant.

Next in line after the City College Lancers come the 25 matching palominos of the Long Beach Mounted Police, who are equally gorgeous in white Stetsons and white vestments with roses applied on the jackets, each mounted policeman carrying an American flag big enough for a battleship. For 24 years they have been in the parade's No. 2 spot, which may account for the size of their waistlines. In case they put anyone in mind of robbing a Long Beach bank, it should be noted that most are not really policemen, just middle-aged chaps who like to ride in parades and are deputized for the occasion.

With the patriotic motif established, the moment is ripe for the real showstopper of the morning—the Grand Mar-

shal, who must epitomize all that is best in America at the moment. Presidents Hoover and Eisenhower both accepted the honor after they finished their chores in the White House. For the three years after World War II the parade honored such heroes of the struggle as Admiral Halsey, Bob Hope and General Bradley, in that order. Richard M. Nixon, who comes from just down the road in Whittier, was honored twice while Vice-President, Earl Warren was also twice a marshal, once as governor of the state and once as a new Chief Justice before all those controversial decisions by the Warren court. Charles E. ("What's good for General Motors . . .") Wilson made it while he was Secretary of Defense in Eisenhower's Cabinet. There have been no well-known Democrats, possibly because the Grand Marshal is the personal choice of the presiding officer of the Tournament Association. Further reflecting the spirit of their times, other Grand Marshals have been Mary Pickford, Shirley Temple, Harold Lloyd, Walt Disney and Arnold Palmer. Nor should one forget Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg and Kay (College of Musical Knowledge) Kyser. Several times there have been multimmarshals. Right after Korea there was a group of Medal of Honor win-

continued



How the West was won, Pasadena style.

ners, and last year the Apollo 12 astronauts. Also, as one tournament official reminds us, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. The 124-piece U.S. Marine Corps Band follows the marshal with appropriate pomp and dignity.

Now comes the first of the 60 floats which are what the Rose Parade is all about. For the remainder of the two hours these floral dinosaurs, separated by either a marching band or a posse of bespangled horsemen and always seemingly teetering on the brink of disaster, creep up the boulevard, round "media corner" for anywhere from 18 to 31 seconds of full attention from the world's television lenses and then disappear down Colorado, their moment of glory fulfilled and remembered only by the people who built them.

The building of floats is a mini-industry that has grown up around the parade unnoticed by the busy outside world. There are six of these firms recognized by the Tournament Association, and among them they make all but half a dozen or so of the entries. It is not a business one enters with expectations of steady employment or sudden riches. The best a "decorator" can hope to net on a float, if all goes well and a late-December freeze doesn't wipe out the nation's flower crop, is 25%. Rick Chapman, at 27 the newest and youngest decorator in the business, contracted to make one of his first floats for the city of Los Angeles for \$12,000 in 1968. By the time he had it rolling down the boulevard to the cheers of thousands it had cost him \$17,500. After a year of thought the city fathers finally de-

cided to pay him an additional \$5,000 on the grounds that he had won them the Sweepstakes Award, the parade's most important prize, thus cutting his loss to \$500.

Chapman, who is building five floats this year, likes the work, but hopes to expand his business into something more stable, "so I won't have to go around with my heart in my throat for six months out of the year."

Actually, the floats take a lot longer than that from drawing board to media corner. In April, after the new tournament president is installed, he assembles the decorators at Tournament House and announces the theme for the coming year. This New Year's it will be "Thru [sic] the Eyes of a Child," by edict of A. Lew-

is Shingler, a pious gentleman from somewhere in southern Georgia who spent 24 years working his way up the association ladder to the presidency. "I felt we needed to get through to the simplicity of a child's conceptions," is the way Shingler explains his theme. The Tournament Association members, volunteers all, habitually talk in lofty phrases. Shingler, who looks a bit like the late comedian Ed Wynn, grew prosperous selling Chevies but has lately been raising funds for worthy church groups. When asked what could possibly impel a busy man like himself to contribute all those hours of his time, year after year, to the parade, Shingler solemnly replies, "To have a part in something that's successful, beautiful and expressive of the spirit of gratitude for what we enjoy in Southern California and the good things of life."

Once the president announces the theme, the decorators dash back to their shops and offices to prepare some appropriate sketches of floats that might appeal to sponsors. Their establishments, scattered around the decaying areas of Southern California where land is cheap, appear at first glance to be little more than abandoned junkyards: a wheel here, a tire there, a rusty engine over in that corner, scattered pieces of pipe and chicken wire and steel tubing hither and yon. There is always a small office in some corner of the lot where, as Rick Chapman puts it, the "rusty artist" works.

Within days the decorators have their first rough sketch-

es ready to submit to the Tournament Association's float committee, one of the 31 committees devoted to putting the parade on the road. The float committee referees such matters as duplicate ideas and whether the design is in the proper spirit of the parade. "We want something that is happy, cheerful, encouraging and bright," a committee member explains. Dignity is important, too. The slightly frivolous plan of the Pasadena Art Museum to enter a floral tennis shoe with a group of old ladies clinging to the laces never got past the drawing board.

As the sketches come forth, the float business begins to resemble the jungle warfare of Madison Ave. A million dollars is about to be spent on the floats, and most of the people who have entries—cities and hotels and large corporations and labor unions and whatnot—have queued up for years to get one of the 60 places. So they let the decorators chew their nails for weeks and months while they study the designs and try to make up their minds how they will spend their \$15,000 to \$35,000. "There is no such thing as loyalty," says Lee Miller, a chubby little granddaddy type who started life as a florist in Alhambra and began to make floats with his brother almost 40 years ago. "You can win the grand prize for somebody one year, and the next year they will go off to somebody else. We've built three for Kodak, a couple for Chrysler and two for Bank of America, and we're not doing any of them this year. It's dog-eat-dog in this business." As Miller spoke he stood in the middle of his three-acre lot, surveying hopefully the half-finished floats around him.

The specifications for Rose Parade floats are as rigid as a banker's heart. The fuel tanks, the batteries, the fire extinguishers, the steering apparatus, the tires, the radiators, the emergency towing gear—everything must be just so. The flowers can begin no lower than six inches from the ground and go no higher than 16 feet or wider than 18

feet or longer than 50 feet. All floats must be self-propelled. Everyone connected with the float must ride aboard, and nothing may be thrown therefrom. Any artificial flowers or decorations are grounds for instant, unforgiving disqualification. Seventeen or 18 years ago someone discovered that some sweet peas on the Standard Oil float had been dyed, so instead of winning the grand prize, as it might have, the float was placed in purgatory. After a few more years Standard just gave up, which is regarded around Tournament House as Standard's tough luck.

Aside from the basic steel framework, a float prior to the onlay of the flowers is a sculpture of chicken wire covered with a polyvinyl cocoon. "You just love it to the way you want it," says Chapman. "Usually the float turns out a lot more lively and vibrant than the original rendering because you interpret as you go along."

In his office Chapman keeps a piece of paper handy on which he has written his basic philosophy for Rose Parade floats. It starts off with the reminder, "People are easier to entertain than inform." Then it continues:

"Primary Impact Elements: breathtaking floral beauty achieved with abundant use of 'impact' flowers (roses, orchids, carnations).

"Secondary impact elements: subject matter itself; animation; shape; sound."

"All this," Chapman says, "is more important than what the nutty artist thinks."

Chapman cares about the float's appearance from only one angle, what he calls the "primary camera impact." That is from 30° to starboard and 30° above, which is where the TV cameras will be when his floats first come into range on media corner. "The customer is not paying for what those million and a half people along the route think," Chapman explains. "He wants to look good for those 18 to 31 seconds he gets on worldwide television."

continued

The White Salts keep the parade moving.



Being of the Now Generation, Chapman puts realism on a very special pedestal.

By early November the floats are approaching the final stages of completion. One by one and two by two during the small hours of the morning when the traffic is light, they are ever so carefully driven to one of the three staging areas maintained by the Tournament Association within easy rolling distance of where the parade will begin. "The point," says Bill Leishman, chairman of the float committee, "is to bring them in where we can get them

under our thumb. Sometimes I just can't believe it all gets done." Leishman, a handsome and aggressive young Pasadena businessman who helps to manage the family's land-development operation, is something of an anomaly among the 600 or so volunteer committeemen who struggle over the details of the parade. At the age of 37 he is practically a stripling among his associates, but his is a special case. His grandfather was the tournament president in 1920-21, and his father, Lathrop Leishman, now chairman of the football committee, was the president in 1939. In another

dozen years or more Bill might be a third-generation president if he minds his sweet p's and q's. One tournament official concedes that "the age of our members is a soft spot with us. We are now in our 82nd year and our members are getting old with us, so we are reaching out for men of Junior Chamber age. But I expect we will last another 82 years."

The staffs of each decorator have been doubled or tripled to as many as 30 or 40 workers by early December. It is time to start attaching the first trimmings to the floats. The tulips which have been specially grown in Holland, the Louisiana galyx leaves from Florida which have been picked at the moment they turn a certain golden brown, the gladioli from Oregon and Washington and other floral finery from far and near are being assembled in cold storage.

It is time for the men in white to burst into action. Of the 1,400 Pasadenans who are dues-paying members of the Tournament of Roses Association, the leading 600 must shepherd the parade on New Year's Day. Their traditional uniform is what used to be known as the ice-cream suit. This is embellished with a red tie and the red-rose emblem of the association on the breast pocket. Close to 300 White Suits work through

Youths keep all-night New Year's Eve vigil along route.



New Year's Eve getting the floats, 225 equestrians and 21 bands into their starting positions, and afterward are in attendance at Victory Park, where the floats remain on public display for three days. Other White Suits keep the parade going, and every entry has a White Suit alongside as it rounds media corner. There are White Suits on each block ready to summon emergency towing crews or an ambulance, succor a fallen bandsman, collar a runaway horse.

"We have bankers and lawyers and millionaires manning the barricades," one White Suit said. Although there are no regulations on the subject, most of the suits are made of Dacron and acrylic and sold at Hoelscher's Men's Store on East Colorado, where they retail for \$79.95. Carl Hoelscher, the owner, has already worked his way up to seventh place on the 10-man executive committee, which means he will be president of the parade in 1977, barring unforeseen events. He is proud of the suits, which, he points out, are fully lined in the jackets and fully lined in the trousers "against shadowing." They will discolor with age, however, and ought to be replaced every 10 years or so.

Comes Dec. 29 and preparations for the parade become frantic. Now the bulk of some \$250,000 to \$300,000 worth of fresh flowers—a normal week's supply for the states of California and Nevada, or, to put it another way, the largest single order of flowers in the world—begin to arrive at the Los Angeles Central Flower Market, from where they must be delivered to exactly the right float in the right staging area. If the nation is gripped by a cold wave, the carnations might be only half the normal size; twice as many will be needed. As Lee Miller will tell you, "Flowers are probably the most unpredictable merchandise you can work with."

Each decorator must now enlist an additional 400 to 500 dependable workers to glue the flowers in position. They depend mainly on church and youth groups, paying these organizations a lump sum to deliver the willing little hands for the long hours ahead. Even this arrangement can have its problems. A few years ago, when the parade fell on Monday, Lee Miller suddenly discovered that most of his crew had opted for Sunday school and other holy obligations on the final day of preparation. "Now," he says, "we make sure there will be none of that nonsense."

The rest of the nation is just beginning its New Year's Eve revels when the moment arrives to start assembling the parade in its starting positions. From out of the staging areas the great floral monsters trundle at 2.5 miles an hour, weaving their way down the back streets of Pasadena toward the bottom of Orange Grove Boulevard and their assigned parking spaces. Van after van full of palm-ominoes and Appaloosas and pintos and other flashy horse-flesh disgorge in the driveways of enthralled householders who must spend the rest of their humdrum year just tending banks, selling merchandise and otherwise eking out

their suburban way of life. Buses by the dozens follow one another from the dormitories of UCLA and other neighboring colleges where as many as 3,000 musicians of every generation must be housed together during the Christmas holidays. It is a minor miracle that on the most bibulous night of the year, only rarely—as once on a street in Alhambra many years ago—has a drunken motorist careened into a float on its way to the parade area.

Meanwhile the three judges are making their final tours of inspection of the floats; they make their picks on New Year's Eve, not during the parade itself. These are pillars of the local business, professional and academic community—incorruptible as vestal virgins. Fourteen major prizes are at stake and a host of minor ones for the 36 classifications of floats, meaning just about everyone is likely to get some token of esteem, but the rivalry for the three top awards—Sweepstakes, Grand Prize and Theme Prize—is almost bitter. The prizes are presented later and in person by the outgoing president and his wife, who visit the home town of each faraway award winner and deliver a charming little speech of appreciation from Pasadena. It is no wonder that the tournament has lately been recruiting entries from distant countries and continents. At least the award trip will be more interesting.

There is apt to be a certain amount of grumbling over the awards. "If you don't win prizes, you don't get new business," the decorators lament. During the 48 hours before parade time, when the judges are wandering from float to float trying to make a decision, they are closely trailed by decorators briefing them on each little artistic nuance. "I don't want the judges leaving me without understanding what we're trying to do," Rick Chapman says. "That's when you miss the boat."

"If the judges make a mistake, you can complain to Max all you want," Lee Miller adds. "It just rolls off his back." Max is Max Colwell, who has been the full-time manager of the parade since 1952, one of only eight paid employees who labor at Tournament House through the year, keeping the books, distributing publicity, handling correspondence and otherwise wrestling with the day-to-day chores. Several years ago a decorator and his wife who had been building floats for years told Colwell they thought the judging was fixed. Max has a wry half smile he reserves for such occasions, and he gave it to them along with the brief riposte, "Look at the very caliber of the judges."

The following year this same decorator won three or four of the prizes. Colwell could not restrain himself from asking the man and his wife if they had fixed the judges. He was only joking, of course.

All this is a far cry from that first New Year's Day celebration in 1890 when Pasadena, looking like the set of a Tom Mix Western, decided to celebrate the ripening of the oranges. It had been only 16 years since the first Anglos had pre-empted that part of Rancho San Pasqual

continued

which became the city. Dr. Charles F. Holder, an early booster, invited everyone to come to Sportsman Park at the corner of Walnut and Los Robles and bring as many roses and other flowers as possible to impress any Eastern visitors who might be wandering around.

Next, people decorated their carriages with greenery and flowers for the trip to the park, and a kind of do-it-yourself carnival evolved into a parade. It was quite a sight in those days to see wealthy settlers like John B. Miller and E. H. Groenendyke driving their handsome four-in-hands and high-stepping Morgans. All that is left of this custom are the eight matched Clydesdales that have pulled the City of St. Louis float for the past 18 years, a clever soft sell for Budweiser that escapes the commercial classification.

As Pasadena grew, so did the parade, and it had to move to Tournament Park, where there was room to stage burro and bicycle and wheelbarrow and even people races. In 1902 Coach Fielding Yost was barnstorming with his point-a-minute football team from the University of Michigan, so the Wolverines were invited to play at Tournament Park against the infant Leland Stanford Jr. University from Palo Alto. When the score reached 49-0, presumably about the 49th minute, everyone lost interest and the game was abandoned.

After a while there was a restless feeling that the tournament was getting boring. D. M. Linnard, who owned the Maryland and Green Hotels and was later to make the Huntington world famous, said no. "I'm going to put on the parade," he insisted, "if I have to fill a wheelbarrow full of roses and push it down Colorado Street and hire a band to follow me. If we ever lose the date, Los Angeles will grab it, and we'll never get it back." Los Angeles seemed a long way away at the time.

So the parade continued pretty much as a family affair. With the arrival of the new century, gas buggies began to appear, but they were placed in the rear so as not to scare the horses. A quote that has survived came from Joseph M. Hixon, a wealthy lumberman who had

moved to Pasadena. As his wife Irene drove past, surrounded by her many children, someone asked Hixon how long it had taken her to decorate the car. "Oh, about 20 years," he replied.

It was not until 1916 that football replaced chariot racing as the main attraction of the afternoon. The plan was to match the best Eastern team against the best Western. Brown was chosen from the East because it had an All-America halfback named Fritz Pollard, the Gale Sayers of his day and the first black football player to achieve real national acclaim. Unbeaten Washington State represented the West. About all anyone except the participants remembers of the game is that Washington State won, and it rained for the first of only three times in the history of the event.

Within a few years the East-West game was going well enough to justify its own stadium. A 57,000-seat Rose Bowl, roughly modeled on the Yale Bowl, went up on some useless city parkland, shouldering aside a number of the gigantic boulders that filled the Arroyo Seco in those days. It was inaugurated with the USC-Penn State game in 1923 (Andy Smith declined to bring his third Wonder Team from Berkeley), and there followed one of the least memorable occasions in the bowl's history. Six years later, Roy Riegels, the Cal center, made the best-known play in the history of American football when he picked up a Georgia Tech fumble and ran 79 happy yards in the wrong direction before his teammate, Benny Lom, dragged him out of the end zone to Cal's one-yard line. The subsequent safety from a blocked punt cost Cal the game 8-7, and wherever Riegels went for years afterward someone could be guaranteed to say, "Oh, you're the fellow who..."

In due course broadcasting turned the Rose Bowl into the single most profitable college football game in the U.S., with the highest TV rating. Although for the past 24 years it has consisted of nothing more than a postseason play-off between the champions of the Big Ten and the Pac-8, the demand for tickets would sell out the place two or three

times over. Today it is the tail that wags the tournament dog. It grosses close to \$3 million, 15% of which goes to the Tournament Association. That helps defray most of the year-round budget of the tournament, a matter of some \$370,000. Whatever is left goes half to the city of Pasadena and half to a trust fund owned jointly by the Tournament Association and the city. This surplus has paid for such permanent facilities as Victory Park, where the floats are on display after the parade, and the staging areas where they receive their floral cosmetics. Through the years, according to Max Colwell's figures, the parade has brought \$5,288,000 in "new money" into Pasadena, a most impressive figure no matter what it means.

Equally important to the parade are the Rose Bowl tickets. The only vigorous White Suits get is the opportunity to buy a pair of good seats. Decorators also have this privilege and often use the tickets to pay those anonymous fellows who sit hidden beneath all the foliage and drive the floats. Only 3,500 seats are available to the general public, and these are distributed by lottery among the 45,000 who write in to apply. There are also two seats for anyone who is lucky enough to send in the idea of the theme for the parade that is chosen by the president.

A sideshow to the parade itself is the selection of the Rose Queen and her Princesses. The first queen was a kind of afterthought, a Pasadena High School girl who appeared in 1905. After that the queen took many shapes and sizes, from May Sutton Bundy (1908), a local tennis of powerful dimensions who had played well at Wimbledon, to May McAvoy (1923), a Hollywood madam with Cupid's bow lips who played opposite Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*. In 1926 there was a Miss America, Fay Lanphier, but in 1930 the tournament reverted to the original idea of a local schoolgirl. This year the 472 applicants had to be whittled down to a manageable 26 finalists and then to the queen and six princesses by the appropriate committee. There is a saying among some of the less involved Pasadenans

that they can always tell which of the seven princesses will be chosen queen. "The most dish-faced," they say, but that is unfair; the queens are O.K. Kathleen Arnett, who reigns this year, and also her six princesses are of impressive poise and intelligence, the kind of straightforward, well-groomed girls any mother would be pleased to entrust with her son.

The final, critical moment comes, of course, when each entry rounds media corner. More than one hard-boiled client has it written into its contract with the decorator that there will be a fine of several thousand dollars if the float fails to make it. The queen and princesses will arrive there in their own float, seated on a bed of roses and covered by nothing more than filmy chaireuse evening gowns no matter what the temperature. Just ahead of them will be the president and just behind them the mayor of Pasadena, each with their families in a white Chrysler convertible, because Chrysler devotes a lot of promotion to the tournament in TV commercials and other forms of hard, medium and soft sell. Eastman Kodak will have a float because more film will be bought, exposed and processed for the tournament than any other event in the world. The previous year's queen will be riding on the float of Occidental Life Insurance, an unintentional reminder that in 1926 one of the curbside grandstands collapsed, killing two, injuring 256 and halting the parade for two hours. Naturally, FTD (Florists' Transworld Delivery) will be represented, as will Knott's Berry Farm, Dr Pepper, the Sunkist Growers, the Salvation Army Band and God knows how many cities and states and counties and high schools and just plain egomaniacs on \$30,000 silver-mounted saddles.

Round media corner they will go at 120 cadences a minute, the bands playing continuous music with drum rolls and with various TV personalities—comedians need not apply and Ronald Reagan has been otherwise occupied recently—describing it for the folks at home. As one White Suit puts it, "If all that's not enough to give you goose bumps, you're not human."

END

65

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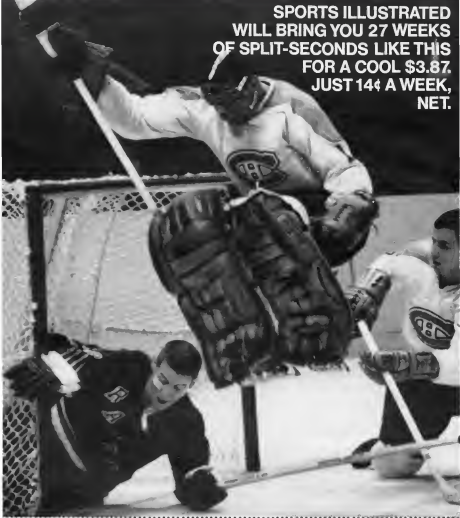
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By the end of each year sports fans everywhere know who won the Davis Cup, the Stanley Cup, the Curtis Cup and a host of other trophies. But what do they know about the people whose names are on the cups? About Dwight F. Davis? About Lord Stanley? About Margaret and Harriot Curtis? Little enough, in all likelihood. All of us learned a few weeks ago that Jim Plunkett, the Stanford quarterback, had just won the Heisman Trophy for 1970. We know quite a bit about Plunkett—but what do we know about Heisman? Probably about as much as the man who in 1948, some 13 years after the trophy was instituted, introduced that year's selectee, Southern Methodist's fabulous Doc Walker as "the great Wassermann winner."

Even the record books haven't got things quite straight about the man they list as John William Heisman. In the first place, he was not John William, but Johann Wilhelm. In the second, even his claim to the surname Heisman was questionable. His great-grandfather was a German baron named von Bogart whose willful son married a peasant girl from Alsace-Lorraine and was promptly disinherited. Rather than give up his bride, the stubborn son gave up his name, took hers (Heismann) and fled to the U.S., where he struck it rich in the oil-barrel business in Pennsylvania. Although the old baron, by then fallen on hard times, eventually proved willing to overlook the defections of a son so obviously solvent, and offered him the comfort of his home and his name again, the son decided to stay where he was and stick to the new monicker. Thus it was that the son born to his son in Cleveland in 1870 bore the name Heismann or Heisman rather than Bogart; otherwise everyone might be guessing at year's end who would win the Bogart Trophy.

Whatever his proper surname, Johann Wilhelm was an avid athlete. He played baseball, ran track, and was one of the first football players to earn letters at two colleges. He played tackle for Brown for three years, then moved on to Penn to play tackle and end and pick up an LL.B. degree.

Even after graduation, football continued to have a greater appeal to Johann than the law, and he went on to win a place in Football's Hall of Fame as one of the game's most successful coaches and innovators. As a coach at

Heisman Trophy or Bogart Cup?

College football's top award might bear another name if the man it commemorates had had a kinder ancestor by HERMAN WEISKOPF

eight colleges—Oberlin, Akron, Auburn, Clemson, Georgia Tech, Penn, Washington & Jefferson and Rice—Heisman had a record of 186 wins against only 70 losses. As an innovator, he devised the center snap, the first legitimate scoreboard and was responsible for the ultimate legalization and recognition of the forward pass.

In 1895 Heisman had seen what was probably the first forward pass in football history, a last-ditch bit of inventiveness by a North Carolina punter who eluded onrushing Georgia tacklers by throwing, rather than kicking, the ball for a game-winning 70-yard touchdown. Heisman, already disenchanted with the old game's brutality—its flying wedges, mass formations, and bloodied players—saw in this gesture a whole new vision of football, gentler and made exquisite by the forward pass, and he determined one day to make it a basic part of the game.

Long before he was able to accomplish this, however, Coach Heisman kept busy winning games the old way. By the time his forward pass came into general use Heisman was starting the third of his 16 successful seasons at Georgia Tech. His 1899 Auburn team had beaten Tech 63-0 and four years later his Clemson club had embarrassed the Rambling Wrecks 73-0. Obviously there was nothing Tech could do but hire him, and in 1916 Heisman's Tech team ran up the highest score of all time, beating Cumberland College in Lebanon, Tenn., by a score of 222-0.

As a coach, Johann Wilhelm had more than a trace of his German great-grandfather's aristocratic mien (a coach, he insisted, "should be masterful and commanding, even dictatorial; he must be severe, arbitrary and little short of a czar") speeded with a generous helping of pure Westphalian ham.

"No apples, no apples," he would declaim at the training table. "Give my

players raw meat. Lots of raw meat." Once at the college chapel services he rose to say, "Gentlemen, we are destitute of people. If you weigh 150 pounds or more, please come out for football."

Each fall as the football season began, Coach Heisman would face his recruits holding a football as Hamlet held Yorick's skull. "What is it?" he would ask rhetorically. "A prolate spheroid, an elongated sphere—in which the outer leathern casing is drawn tightly over a somewhat smaller rubber tubing." Then, after a melodramatic pause, he would say in muted tones, "Better to have died as a small boy than to fumble this football."

Heisman's stepson, Carlisle Cox, a retired cavalry colonel, recalled in the December 1964 issue of *Atlanta magazine*

continued



JOHANN WILHELM HEISMAN AS A QUARTERBACK

how Heisman used to pace the floor of his study "and talk out his problems aloud.... In this room there was a chandelier which hung just low enough to hit his bald spot. He would walk under that chandelier, it would clip him, he would cuss a little, move off to one side and four minutes later he would walk under it and bust his head again. For one entire season his head never got well."

Early in his career such total preoccupation with the game he loved cost Heisman his job and led to his becoming, in all likelihood, the first coach to be fired for the sake of de-emphasis. In 1893 Heisman had been hired as athletic director of Buchtel College (now the University of Akron) soon after the Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association insisted that football be added to baseball, track and debating as grounds for membership. Heisman succeeded so well in instilling the boys of Buchtel with the desire to win that he was fired a year later. "For some time," as a local historian put it, "there had been a growing feeling of protest in the faculty" which felt the main objective of football "should not be to win.... but to minister to the physical development of those engaged in this exercise."

Before going back to his old job at Oberlin, the fired athletic director decided to stay just long enough to give Buchtel's faculty a contest it would remember for all time: a final do-or-die football game between Buchtel and Ohio State, to be staged as part of a triple-header designed to lure football fans to the Ohio State Fair in Columbus.

While at Oberlin, Heisman had twice whipped the Buckeyes 40-0 and then 50-0. But the next year, at Buchtel, he had lost to Ohio State 32-18. Whatever his motive, Heisman convinced himself and his players to get off to a training camp at a lake just outside of Akron, where for two weeks they all took part in a rugged conditioning program. They needed it badly.

As one player explained: "It was the fashion then for the man with the ball to keep on crawling as long as he could with 21 men, more or less, on top of him. The ball was not 'down' so long as the player was in motion. The only effective way to stop a man crawling was to jump on the fellow's head and ram his face into the ground."

Robert Osborne, Buchtel's left tackle,

wrote in 1919: "Massed plays were in vogue and when 22 men came together after a five- or ten-yard start, in a double-V formation, something happened to the men in the front lines.... A man could not be taken out unless he had received sufficient damage to disable him.... Broken arms, legs, noses, shoulders, ribs, etc., were in the inventory of the game."

With such a fearful encounter in the offing, Heisman enlisted a few ringers for his team, several of whom came from Oberlin. The outstanding ringer, though, was Heisman himself, who quarterbacked the squad. (Ohio State, it turned out, also fleshed out its ranks with a few outsiders.)

Unfortunately, the citizens of Akron hardly shared Heisman's enthusiasm for the forthcoming struggle. The *Akron Beacon and Republican* made no mention of the game. Its pages were chock full of gossip about W. K. Vanderbilt's difficulties with "the gay Parisienne Nellie Neusedter" and assurances that there was "No danger of sewer gas in Cahoona's ice cream, as it is not manufactured or stored in a basement," but not a word about football.

Players from both Ohio State and Buchtel would have given anything for some of Cahoona's ice cream as they played amid clouds of dust in noonday heat on a field surrounded by a race-track. At the end of the first 20-minute half the score was 6-6, each team having scored a four-point touchdown and kicked a two-point conversion.

Years later Heisman recalled the game like this: "All the players of both teams were half dead before the first half was over.... Frank Fisher had the 'sun staggers'.... and could no longer see.... When time was up Frank found himself slowly improving, but was still unable to visualize objects clearly, and I was in a quandary. But just then the OSU captain came up and wanted to know if we wouldn't let him have a few minutes more time. He said his men were all used up and overcome with the heat, and he was afraid some players of either side might get a sunstroke if we continued immediately. I assured him that was my fear exactly...."

"Well, in about 10 minutes more we were both ready to resume hostilities. And then we seasawed back and forth another 20 minutes without either team scoring.... One time we had the ball on their two-yard line, and then I had

to make the only fumble we had all day."

When the game ended the score was still 6-6, so it was agreed to play a sudden-death overtime of a maximum of 10 minutes. Ohio State worked the ball almost to midfield before relinquishing it.

Recalling those closing minutes, Heisman wrote: "Working mostly off-tackle smashes.... we gained seldom less than three yards; and in those days we had only to make five yards in three trials. All the time I was saving Fisher.... because he was still 'seeing things,' though continually getting better, and besides I wanted to have one fresh man when we got down near the promised land."

Less than four yards from the Buckeye goal line, Heisman, that inveterate ham, saw both "the promised land" and a perfect spot for a sample of his histrionics. "I deliberately stopped," he says, "and made our men a little talk, reciting that we had been down there once before and that I myself had thrown our chance away by a rotten fumble, but that this time we were going over, if only *everlastingly* would get into this one play. So said they all, and I called for Frank to buck through their right tackle."

"I got hold of the ball safely and struck it squarely into his breadbasket. I certainly he either saw or felt it—and got it. Then away we all went like mad. I think about every man on the team had his hands on Frank somewhere, for that was in the days when hiking the runner, pushing, pulling or even throwing him, was the big thing in the game. I recall I had hold of him by the back of his jersey and was going in front of him. And we all went through together, just like the water of a milldam when the dam goes out. With a last yank I tore the jersey clear off Frank's back. But what did it matter since we were across?"

When Heisman's coaching days ended in 1927 he moved to New York City and became athletic director at the Downtown Athletic Club. It was that organization, a year before his death, that decided to perpetuate his name, if not precisely his memory: in a suitable award to be known as the Heisman Trophy, a trophy decorated with the figure of a man clutching a prolate spheroid as if he would rather have died as a small boy than now to fumble it. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOBBY

Sirs:

You have made, in my opinion, the only conceivable choice for Sportsman of the Year: Bobby Orr (Dec. 21). I would certainly like to congratulate you on your excellent article on him. Jack Olsen did a truly commendable job of showing the other side of Orr, the off-the-ice side that very few people are aware of but which is also exemplified by your award. Bobby is truly a unique person as well as a unique athlete and you have done him justice. Nice work.

LARRY LEVIN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

My thanks to Jack Olsen for that beautiful story. Before I read it I liked Bobby Orr, but it was a sort of hero worship. After reading the article I still like him; I also respect and admire him much more than I did before. In a world where too many players "cultivate the image of the big bad athlete," it is refreshing to have this insight into the life of a remarkable man.

CHERYL MAINE

Chatham, R.I.

Sirs:

Only one thing troubles me about your naming Bobby Orr 1970 Sportsman of the Year: Who else will you find to name for this honor in 1971, '72, '73, '74...

FAYOLAC C. MARSTON

Chicago

Sirs:

Jack Olsen said that Bobby Orr "is the greatest player ever to don skates." Bah! Humbug!

Tom HOKNER

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

Your choice for Sportsman of the Year was an excellent one. Not since Bill Russell and Bart Starr has one man dominated a sport as much as Bobby Orr. He has revolutionized hockey. He even has taught the older players new tricks and has every hockey-minded youngster patterning himself after him. Your article revealed how kind and generous a man Bobby Orr is, especially to children and adults less fortunate than he. The NHL has been gifted with a fine player and man.

RICHARD PATTERSON

Peabody, Mass.

YEAR-END SENTIMENTS

Sirs:

After reading cover to cover the edition of Dec. 21, I felt you put in an extra mea-

sure of devotion, turning out one of the top issues of SL. The sentiment is in step with the season.

EDWARD G. EGAN

Old Greenwich, Conn.

NEW YEAR'S HOPES

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on Mourmainer Mitch Michaud (*Upon a Peak in Delaware*, Dec. 14). Dan Levin has done a superb job of capturing the joys and frustrations of all longtime mountain climbers and hikers. The therapeutic effects of the article are almost as refreshing as the sport itself.

STEPHEN R. FOX

Nashville

Sirs:

Whatever his purpose, Mitch Michaud exhibits a life-style that America knew before she became entrained in electric cords and superhighways. Instead of climbing lofty peaks we shuffle through trash-laden streets. The only way out of this quagmire is to grab a sack and fill it with hopes of a cleaner tomorrow. Bravo! To Dan Levin and SL, and to Mitch Michaud. You really got down to earth.

LAWRENCE B. JORSON

Silver Spring, Md.

NOTRE DAME 1970

Sirs:

Thanks to *Harper's* (Notre Dame: *Our First Catholic University?* May 1967) and NBC's *First Tuesday* (Dec. 1), millions of people have been informed of the changes at Notre Dame. Your article (*The Greening of the Fighting Irish*, Dec. 14), however, does more to show the role of the Notre Dame athletic tradition as an integral part of the change in the university than any other. I believe that this tradition is the keystone from which much of the greatness of the school is derived and the focal point of its continual quest for excellence.

RICHARD H. WOODS

Lavallette, N.J.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Jerry Kirshenbaum on a fine article. Notre Dame has received a great deal of publicity about its football tradition, but sometimes the academic side of this excellent institution is overlooked. Mr. Kirshenbaum seems to have captured the true atmosphere that exists here on campus and discovered the "something special" that makes the spirit of Notre Dame unique.

GENE BANTI DO

MIKE JANKO

DAN SCHULTZ

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

Jerry Kirshenbaum's article is not only accurate and thoughtful, it is cause for all Notre Dame men to stand tall with the school that educated them and introduced them to the value of the human spirit. On a campus that was once famous for parochial thought, freedom of thought now prevails. I know, because I witnessed the change.

I can't tell you how gratified I am to see you humanize and exalt a great athletic institution. I would add just one other thing—Beat Texas!

RICHARD KALAMAYA

Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

When they referred to their university as the Catholic Harvard, we are sure that Notre Dame supporters were overlooking the oldest and most prestigious Catholic university in the country. We would like to remind the Fighting Leprechauns that they have always been regarded as the Georgetown of the West.

ROGER DRY

STEVE WARD

BILL MCGONIGLE

BURT DICKLY

Georgetown University
Washington

MOTORCYCLISTS

Sirs:

I would like to extend a congratulatory hand to Melvin Maddocks for one of the best-written articles I've read in a long time (*Just Another Face in a Rearview Mirror*, Nov. 16). As interesting as Colin Newell and the sport of motorcycling are, Mr. Maddocks' superb use of the English language made them seem even more so. This is the first time I have seen any of his work in SL, but I look forward to more Melvin Maddocks bylines in the future.

RIK HUSSA

Lyons, N.Y.

Sirs:

Melvin Maddocks asked, "Why would any average man, any sensible man, ride a motorcycle twice?" I am a family man with five children and five grandchildren. Maybe I'm hooked, but to me cycling is living. My two-wheeler provides both serenity and exhilaration. Even riding to work on a Monday morning is an invigorating experience that prepares me for the day. And after a pressure-packed day in the office, nothing surpasses the relaxation of a half-hour ride in the open spaces with the evening breeze in my face and the wonders of nature at my feet. Or I can take a challenging ride

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FRED W. MEYER

Elliswood, Kans.

Sirs,

I would like to take you to task on just one part of the article: Maddocks' statement that motocross races "are all the fashion now." In some European countries it is not unusual to have spectator attendance numbering more than 100,000 at these events. In Belgium motocross is the most popular sport. In France whole townships devote an entire weekend to hosting the traveling band of international riders during their annual motocross promotion.

This particular branch of motorcycle racing, which is also the most spectacular and the most punishing (although, per capita, relatively safe), was established in the U.S. within the last three or four years. It is growing in popularity as each week goes by, pumped up by periodic visits of European factory riders. These men are the acknowledged masters—but the home riders are catching on quite rapidly. Motocross will not be a passing fancy but an accepted and respectable sport for many years to come.

MIKE JACKSON

General Manager
Norton-A.J.S. Motorcycles
Norton Villiers Corporation
Long Beach, Calif.

THE BUFFALO'S LAST STAND (CONT.)

Sirs,

I was impressed with the perspective of Bill Gilbert's article, *The Great Buffalo Hunt?* (Nov. 23). However, you may wish to know that in 1897, when the "very last of the truly wild buffalo . . . were killed," there were wild bison present in Yellowstone National Park and in Canada. Wild bison of the mountain or wood bison subspecies survived in both areas to interbreed with plains bison introduced from captive herds. Both areas have truly wild bison but only Canada has a remnant of the pure wood bison strain.

In 1890 there were several bison herds larger than the 150 head owned by Buffalo Jones. There were probably 200 to 400 in Yellowstone; the Pablo-Alford herd of Montana was presumably larger, since it numbered about 300 head in 1896; and the records indicate that the wild bison of Canada numbered in the hundreds.

According to M. S. Garretson (*American Bison*, 1938, New York Zoological Society), Buffalo Jones was only one of at least five men who captured wild plains bison calves and started captive herds. Of these, he was

a latecomer to the scene. Certainly he contributed to the perpetuation of the species, but only as one among others in terms of total effect.

Nonetheless, congratulations to Mr. Gilbert for including a large amount of real information in his article, rather than the myths that are so often repeated.

MARY MEAGHER
Research Biologist
National Park Service
Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.

Sirs:

I wish to point out that the last of the truly wild buffalo are still roaming about in Canada. A herd of several thousand animals is presently inhabiting Wood Buffalo National Park in the province of Alberta and in the Northwest Territories. Happily, this park, with an area of 17,300 square miles, is far from general civilization; therefore the buffalo can remain wild in an area not bound by barbed wire.

RON NELSON

Grande Prairie, Alberta

Sirs:

If the people who were so anxious to shoot the excess buffalo at Arizona's Raymond Ranch want a real thrill, I recommend an experience I tried, quite unwittingly, seven years ago in Oklahoma. While touring the countryside with friends, I noted a herd of buffalo a quarter mile off the side of the road. Ignoring the WARNING OF DANGEROUS BUFFALO signs, we stalked a smaller portion of the herd. My friends soon succumbed to the Senny Linton-type stares of the bulls, but I continued. I chased five of them 100 yards or so into the main herd and sat down (thinking myself accepted) and started counting them, reaching 57 before I heard and felt something like an express train approaching. Looking up, I beheld a bull buffalo in full charge at me. Gale Sayers has never made a run as spectacular as mine that day. I faked left and went right. It worked once, twice, three times, until I noticed that I was being turned back toward the rest of the herd. Finally, and luckily, the bull came to a halt and stood watching me. Our eyes met, and I sensed such pride on his part that he had repulsed me from his domain that I knew that it was not out of frustration that he had stopped.

Maybe this was the last victory the buffalo will win over us. Maybe, if the "hunters" of Raymond Ranch could sense the boldness and beauty of a buffalo from three feet away, they'd learn another, more meaningful lesson—as I did.

MICHAEL B. JONES

New York City

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